



*Timon disguised at the Friends of Men,
Retired amongst the Beasts and sought a Den.
Yet there he found what seldom we behold,
A Constant Mistress — and a Hoard of Gold.*

Timon of Athens;

OR THE

MAN-HATER.

As it is acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

I N

R U R Y - L A N E,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By THOMAS SHADWELL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for and sold by the Booksellers in Town
and Country, 1732.

Bt. from Blackwell

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PROLOGUE.

Since the bare gleanings of the stage are grown
The only portion for brisk wits o'th' town,
We mean such as have no crop of their own;
Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow.

Thus a poor poet must maintain a muse,
As you do mistresses, for others use:

The wittiest play can serve him but one day,
Tho' for three months it finds you what to say.

Yet you your creditors of wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.

Poor echoes can repeat wit, 'tho' they've none,
Like bag-pipes, they no sound have of their own,
'Till some into their emptiness be blown.

Yet —

To be thought wits and judges they're so glad,
And labour for't, as if they were wit-mad.

Some will keep tables for the wits o'th' nation,
And poets eat them into reputation.

Some scriblers will wit their whole bus'ness make,

For labour'd dulness grievous pains will take;
And when with many throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a foolish song.

One fop all modern poets will contemn,
And by this means a parlous judge will seem.

Wit is a common idol, and in vain

Fops try a thousand ways th' name to gain.

Pray judge the nauseous farces of the age,
And meddle not with sense upon the stage;

To you our poet not one line submits,

Who such a coil will keep to be thought wits:

'Tis you who truly are so he would please;

But knows it is not to be done with ease.

In th' art of judging you as wise are grown

As in their choice some ladies of the town.

Your neat shap'd Barbary wits you will despise,

And none but lusty finewy writers prize.

Old

PROLOGUE.

Old English Shakespear stomachs you have still,
 And judge, as our forefathers wrote, with skill.
 You coin the wit, the wittings of the town
 Retailers are, that spread it up and down;
 Set but your stamp upon't, tho' it be brass,
 With all the won'd-be-wits 'twill current pass:
 Try it to-day, and we are sure 'twill hit,
 All to your sov'reign empire must submit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, an Athenian lord.
 Alcibiades, an Athenian captain.
 Apemantus, a rigid philosopher.

Nicias,

Phæax,

Ælius,

Cleon,

Isander,

Isidore,

Thrasillus,

Demetrius, Timon's steward.

Diphilus, servant to Timon.

Old Man.

Poet.

Painter.

Jeweller.

Musician.

Merchant.

} Senators of Athens.

Evandra.

Melissa.

Chloe.

Thais,

Phrinias,

} Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Servants, Messengers, several Masqueraders, Soldiers.

SCENE ATHENS.

Timon of Athens;
 OR THE
 MAN - H A T E R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS.

Dem. **H**OW strange it is to see my riotous
 lord
 With careless luxury betray himself?
 To feast and revel all his hours away;
 Without account how fast his Treasure ebbs,
 How slowly flows; and when I warn'd him of
 His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
 He nipt my growing honesty i'th' bud,
 And kill'd it quite; and well for me he did so.
 It was a barren stock would yield no fruit:
 But now like evil counsellors I comply,
 And lull him in his soft lethargick life.
 And like such cursed politicians can
 Share in the head long ruin, and will rise by't:
 What vast rewards to nauseous flatterers,
 To pimps, and women, what estates he gives!

B

And

And shall I have no share? Be gone all honesty,
Thou foolish, slender, thred-bare, starving thing,
be gone!

Enter Poet.

Here's a fellow-horseleech: How now, Poet,
how goes the world?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows; but is Lord
Timon visible?

Dem. He'll come out suddenly, what have you
to present him?

Poet. A little off-spring of my fruitful Muse:
She's in travail daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you gross flatterer.
By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written [*Aside.*
Himself up to my Lord's table,
Which he seldom fails; nay, into his chariot,
Where he in publick does not blush to own
The sordid scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my noble Lord
was Epigram: But this is in heroick stile.

Dem. What d'ye mean by stile? that of good
sense is all I like; that is to say, with apt and easy
words, not one too little or too much: And this I
think good stile.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' matter! apt and
easy!

Heroicks must be lofty and high sounding;
No easy language in heroick verse;
'Tis most unfit: for should I name a lion,
I must not in heroicks call him so!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'd as soon call him an ass. No thus---
The fierce Numidian monarch of the beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a lion would sound so baldly,
not to be endur'd, and a bull too --- but

The

The mighty warrior of the horned race :

Ah --- how that sounds !

Dem. Then I perceive sound's the great matter

Poet. Ever while you live. (in this way.

Dem. How would you sound a fox as you call it ?

Poet. A fox is but a scurvey beast for heroick
verse.

Dem. Hum--is it so? how will a raven do in hero-

Poet. Oh very well, Sir. (ick?

That black and dreadful fate-denouncing fowl.

Dem. An excellent sound --- But let me see your
piece.

Poet. I'll read it --- 'Tis a good-morrow to the
Lord Timon.

Dem. Do you make good-morrow sound loftily ?

Poet. Oh very loftily ! ---

The fringed vallance of your eyes advance,

Shake off your canopy'd and downy trance :

Phoebus already quaffs the morning dew,

Each does his daily lease of life renew.

Now you shall hear description, 'tis the very life
of poetry.

He darts his beams on the lark's mossy house,

And from his quiet ennement does rouse

The little charming and harmonious fowl,

Which sings its hum? of body to a soul :

Swiftly it climbs up in the steep air

With warbling throat, and makes each note a stair.

There's rapture for you ! hah ! ---

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. This the solicitous lover strait alarms,

Who too long slumber'd in his Celia's arms :

TIMON of ATHENS:

*And now the swelling sponges of the night
 With aching heads stagger from their delights;
 Slovenly taylor to their needles haste;
 Already now the moving shops are plac'd
 By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
 And all those gems the rip'ning summer yields.*

Who d'ye think are they now? Why-- nothing but herb-women; there are fire lofty expressions for herb-women! ha!-- Already now, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description tho'.

Dem. Yes, in twenty lines to describe to him that 'tis about the fourth hour in the morning--I'll in, and let him know in three words 'tis the seventh.

[Exit Demetrius.]

Enter Musician.

Poet. Good morning, Sir: whither this way?

Mus. To present his honour with a piece of music. (sick)

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very spirit of nobility--
 And like the sun when ever he breaks forth
 His universal bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, and several others.

Jewell. Good-morrow, gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the house!

Poet. What confluence the worthy Timon draws?
Magick of bounty--These familiar spirits
 Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewel. 'Tis of an excellent water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint.

or the MAN-HATER.

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Paint. It is a picture, Sir, a dumb piece of poetry; but you present a speaking poem.

Poet. I have a little thing slipt idly from me :
The fire within the flint shews not it self
Till it be struck ; our gentle flame provokes
It self ---

Dem. You write so scurvily, the Devil's in any
You, but your self. (man that provokes

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Paint. So, so.

Dem. Now must these rascals be presented all,
As if they had sav'd his honour or his life ;
And I must have a feeling in the business.

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd !

[Enter more, who pass over.]

Paint. See more ; well, he's a noble spirit !

Jewell. A most worthy lord !

Poet. What a flood of visitors his bounty draws !

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, present
Their services to lord *Timon's* prosp'rous fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does subdue
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that philosophical churl
Who hates the world, and does almost abhor
Himself ---

Paint. He is a most excellent lord, and makes
the finest picture !

Poet. The joy of all mankind ; deserves a *Homer*
for his poet.

Jewell. A most accomplish'd person !

Poet. The glory of the age !

Paint. Above all parallel !

Dem. And yet these rogues, were this man poor,
As I would them, if I were he. (would fly him,
[Soft musick,

Post. Here's excellent musick!
In what delights he melts his hours away!

Enter Timon and Senators, Timon addressing himself
courteously to all.

Tim. My lord, you wrong your self, and 'bate too
Of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle. (much

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must
receive it.

Isidore. Your lordship has the very soul of bounty.

Phæax. You load us with too many obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my friends too much.
My lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a bay courser which I rode on;
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Phæax. I beseech your lordship pardon me in this.

Tim. My word is past; is there ought else you
I know, my lord, no man can justly praise (like?
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My friends affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your visits, lords,
My heart is not enough to give; methinks
I could deal kingdoms to my friends, and ne'er be
weary. bounty!

Ælius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast

Cleon. The spirit of magnificence reigns in you!

Phæax. Your bounty's as diffusive as the sea.

Tim. My noble lords, ye do me too much honour.

Isidore. There lives not such a noble lord on earth.

Thrasil. None but the sun and he oblige without
A prospect of return.

Enter a Messenger, and whispers Timon.

Tim. Lampridius imprison'd! say you?

Mess.

Mess. Yes, my good lord, five talents is his debt;
His means are short, his creditors most strict;
He begs your letter to those cruel men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruin.

Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off
My friend when most he needs me : I know him ;
A gentleman that well deserves my help ;
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him to your service.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will lend his ran-
And when he's free, bid him depend on me : (som,
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after --- tell him so.

Mess. All happiness to your honour.

[Exit Messenger.

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My lord, pray hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Man. You have a servant nam'd *Dipphilus*.

Tim. I have so, that is he.

Old Man. That fellow there by night frequents my
I am a man that from my first have been (house,
Inclin'd to thrift, and my estate deserves
A nobler heir than one that holds a trencher.

Tim. Go on.

Old Man. I have an only daughter : no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.

This man attempts her love ; pray my good lord
Join with me to forbid him ; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself ;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim.

Tim. Do you love her?

Dipbil. Yes, my good lord, and she accepts of mine.

Old Man. If to her marriage my consent be want-
I call the gods to witness, I will make (ing,
The beggars of the street my heirs, e'er she
Shall have a drachma.

Tim. This gentleman of mine has serv'd me long;
There is a duty from a master too:
To build his fortune I will strain a little;
Whate'er your daughter's portion weighs, this
Man's shall counterpoise. (honour

Old Man. Say you so, my noble lord! upon your
This, and she is his. (wife.

Tim. Give me thy hand; my honour on my pro-

Dipbil. My noble lord, I thank you on my knees:
May I be as miserable as I shall be base,
When I forget this most surprizing favour:
No fortune or estate shall e'er be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rise. I ne'er do good with prospect of re-
That were but merchandizing, a mere trade (turn,
Of putting kindness out to use.

Poet. Vouch safe to accept my labours, and long
live your lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
What have you there, my friend?

Paint. A piece of limning for your lordship.

Tim. 'Tis welcome I like it, and you shall find

Jewell. My lord, here is the Jewel! (I do.

Tim. 'Tis excellent.

Enter Apemantus.

Jewell. Your lordship mends the Jewel by the

Tim. Well mock'd. (wearing.

Poet. No, my good lord, he speaks what all men
think.

Apem. Scum of all flatterers, wilt thou still persist,
For filthy gain, to gild and varnish o'er
This great man's vanities? *Tim.*

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your lordship.

Apem. Yes, and without him too : vain credulous
If thou believ'st this knave, thou art a fool. (*Timon*,

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good morrow to
thee. (row

Apem. Tell, I am gentle ; stay for thy good-mor-
'Till thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves ?

Apem. They're *Athenians*, and I'll not recant ;
They're all base fawners ; what a coile is here
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of bums :
I wonder whether all the legs they make
Are worth the sums they cost you ; friendship's full
Of dregs, base filthy dregs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth for cringes.

Ælius. Do you know us, fellow ?

Apem. Did I not call you by your names ?

Tim. Thou preacheest against vice, and thou thy
self art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Proud ! that I am not *Timon*.

Tim. Why so ?

Apem. To give belief to flatt'ring knaves and poets,
And to be still myself my greatest flatterer :
What should great men be proud of 'stead of noise
And pomp and show, and holding up their heads,
And cocking of their noses ; pleas'd to see
Base smiling knaves, and cringing fools bow to 'em ?
Did they but see their own ridiculous folly,
Their mean and absurd vanities, they'd hide
Their heads within some dark and little corner,
And be afraid that every fool should find 'em.

Tim. Thou hast too much sow'rnness in thy blood.

Poet. Hang him ---- ne'er mind him ---

Apem. What is this foolish animal man, that we
Should magnify him so ? a little warm
And walking earth, that will be ashes soon ;

eW

Tim.

10 TIMON of ATHENS:

We come into the world crying and squalling,
And so much of our time's consum'd in driv'ling
infancy,

In ignorance, sleep, disease and trouble, that
The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Phaax. A preaching fool.

Apem. A fool? If thou had'st half my wit, thou'dst
Thy self an ass! Is it not truth I speak? (find
Are not all the arts and subtleties of men,
All their inventions, all their sciences,
All their diversions, all their sports, little enough
To pass away their happiest hours with,
And make a heavy life be born with patience?

Tim. I with the help of friends will make mine
(easier

Than what your melancholy frames.

Apem. How little do'st thou look before thee!
Thou, who tak'st such great felicity in fools and
And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e'er long (knaves,
Find 'em such thin, such poor and empty shadows,
That thou wilt wish thou never had'st been born.

Tim. I do not think so.

Phaax. Hang him, send him to the *Areopagus*, and
let him be whipt! (fer,

Apem. Thus innocence, truth and merit often suf-
Whilst injurers, oppressors, and desertless fools
Swell in their brief authority, look big
And strut in furs; 'tis a foul shame,
But 'tis a loathsome Age, --- it has been long
Impostumating with its villany;
And now the swelling's broken out
In most contagious ulcers; no place free
From the destructive pestilence of manners;
Out upon't, 'tis time the world should end!

Tim. Do not rail so --- 'tis to little purpose.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my morning lecture,
And I'll be gone --

Tim.

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* brains.

Tim. Why that's a deed thou'lt die for, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Yes, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? how dost thou like this picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for,
Neither lye, drink, nor whore, (twill
Flatter a man to his face, and cut his
Throat behind his back;

For since false smiles and base
Dishonour traffick with man's nature,
He is but mere outside; pictures are
Even such as they give out: Oh I did you see
The insides of these fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
The putrid excrements their bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul-mouth'd villain.

Tim. He hurts us not. How lik'st thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will
not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What fools esteem it; it is not worth my
thinking.

Lo now, the mighty use of thy great riches!
That must set infinite value on a bawble!
Will't keep thee warm, or satisfy thy thirst,
Or hunger? No, it is comparison
That gives it value; then, thou look'st upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think
A poor man cannot have it: Childish pleasure!
What stretcht inventions must be found to make
Great wealth of use? Oh! that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st thou do?

Apem. I would cudgel two men a day for flatter-
Till I had beaten the whole senate. (ing me,

Phæax. Let the villain be soundly punish'd for his
Licentious tongue. *Tim.*

Tim. No, the man is honest, 'tis his humour; 'tis odd,
And methinks pleasant. You must dine with me,
Apemantus.

Apem. I devour no lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet they with all their modest simperings,
And varnish'd looks, can swallow lords, and get
Great bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
Vizors on, till a poor little bastard steals into
The world, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicius.

Tim. My noble lord, welcome! most welcome to
my arms!

You are the fountain from which all my happiness
Did spring! your matchless daughter, fair *Melissa*.

Nic. You honour us too much, my lord. (delight)

Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens*! the chief
Of nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vows
Were once expir'd; it is, methinks, an age 'till that
blest day,

When we shall join our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a week, my lord.

Tim. 'Tis a thousand years.

Apem. Thou miserable lord, haste thou to compleat
All thy calamities, that plague of love,
That most unmanly madness of the mind,
That specious cheat, as false as friendship is?
Did'st thou but see how like a sniveling thing
Thou look'st and talk'st, thou would'st abhor or
Thy own admir'd image. (laugh at)

Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this subject.

Apem. Oh! vile corrupted time, that men should be
Deaf to good counsel, not to flattery.

Tim. Come, my dear friends, let us now visit our
gardens,
And refresh our selves with some cool wines and
fruit:

I am transported with your visits !
There is not now a prince whom I can envy,
Unless it be in that he can more bestow
Upon the men he loves.

Ælius, my noble lord, who would not wed your
friendship, tho' without a dowry ?

Nodur. Most worthy *Timon* ! who has a life you
may not call your own ?

Phæax. We are all your slaves.

Poet. The joy of all mankind.

Jewell. Great spirit of nobleness.

Tim. We must not part this day, my friends .

Ætem. So, so, crouching slaves aches contract and
make your supple

Joints to wither ; that there should be so little
Love among these knaves, yet all this courtesy !
They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss
As if they were of different sexes : Villains, villains !

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Evandra. Re-enter Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra* ! methinks your
looks are chang'd,
And clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My lord, my ears this morning were saluted
The most unhappy news, the dismal'st story, (with
The only one cou'd have afflicted me ;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted,
With a cold sweat o'er all my limbs.

Tim. What was it, Madam ? (wont,

Evan. You speak not with the kindness you were
I have been us'd to tenderer words than these :
It is too true, and I am miserable

Tim. What is't disturbs you so ? too well I guess.
[*Aside.*

Evan. I hear I am to lose your love, which was
The only earthly blessing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my life depended.

C

Tim.

14 TIMON of ATHENS:

Tim. I must ever love my excellent *Evandra*!

Evan. *Melissa* will not suffer it: O cruel *Timon*,
Thou well may'st blush at thy ingratitude!
Had I so much tow'rd's thee, I ne'er shou'd shew
My face without confusion: Such a guilt,
As if I had destroy'd thy race, and ruin'd
All thy Estate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold respects of kindred, wealth and fame.

Tim. You have been kind so far above return,
That 'tis beyond expression.

Evan. Call to mind
Whose race I sprung from, that of great *Alcides*;
Tho' not my fortune, my beauty and my youth
And my unspotted fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thousand times have sworn,
That they exceeded all, and yet all these,
The only treasures a poor maid possess'd,
I sacrific'd to you, and rather chose
To throw my self away, than you shou'd be
Uneasy in your wishes; since which happy,
And yet unhappy time, you have been to me
My life, my joy, my earth, my heaven, my all,
I never had one single wish beyond you:
Nay, every action, every thought of mine,
How far soe'er their large circumference
Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you: You were
My end, the only thing could fill my mind.

Tim. She strikes me to the heart! I would I had
Not seen her. [*Aside.*

Evan. Ah *Timon*! I have lov'd you so, that had
My eyes offended you, I with these fingers (me:
Had pluck'd 'em by the roots, and cast them from
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open:
Shew me a wife in *Athens* can say this;
And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.

Tim.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heav'n can
By many long repeated acts of love, (witness;
And bounty I have shew'd you ----

Evan. Bounty! ah *Timon*!
I am not yet so mean, but I contemn
Your transitory dirt, and all rewards,
But that of love; your person was the bound
Of all my thoughts and wishes; in return
You have lov'd me! Oh, miserable sound!
I would you never had, or always would.

Tim. Man is not master of his appetites,
Heav'n sways our mind to love.

Evan. But hell to falsehood:
How many thousand times y'have vow'd and sworn
Eternal love; heav'n has not yet absolv'd
You of your Oaths to me; nor can I ever;
My love's as much too much as your's too little.

Tim. If you love me, you'll love my happiness;
Melissa's beauty and her love to me
Have so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
My dear, false *Timon*, swore to me, would you
Have wish'd I might have found my happiness
Within another's arms? No, no, it is
To love a contradiction.

Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.

Evan. Besides, *Melissa's* beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock;
Even modestly may praise it self when 'tis
Aspers'd: But her love is mercenary,
Most mercenary, base; 'tis marriage love:
She gives her person, but in vile exchange
She does demand your liberty: But I
Could generously give without mean bargaining:
I trusted to your honour, and lost mine,
Lost all my friends and kindred; but little though
I should have lost my love, and cast it on

A barren and ungrateful soil, that would return³ no fruit.

Tim. This does perplex me, I must break it off. [*Aside.*]

Evan. The first storm of your love did shake me so,
It threw down all my leaves, my hopeful blossoms,
Pull'd down my branches; but this latter tempest
of your hate

Strikes at my root, and I must wither now;
Like a desertless, sapless tree, must fall ----

Tim. You are secure against all injuries
While I have breath ---

Evan. And yet you do the greatest.

Tim. You shall be so much partner of my fortune
As will secure you full respect from all,
And may support your quality in what pomp
You can desire.

Evan. I am not of so coarse a mould, or have
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought
That's your's without you --

But oh, thou too dear perjur'd man, I could
With thee prefer a dungeon, a low and loathsome
Before the stately gilded fretted roofs, (dungeon,
The pomp, the noise, the show, the revelling,
And all the glittering splendor of a palace.

Tim. I by restless fate am hurry'd on ---

Evan. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.

Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd. ---

Evan. It had a pre-engagement ---

Tim. All the great men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry, and to preserve my race.

Evan. Suppose your wife be false; (as't's not new
In *Athens*) and suffer others to graft upon
Your stock; where is your race? weak vulgar reason!

Tim. Her honour will not suffer her. (nour.

Evan. She may do it cunningly, and keep her ho-
Tim. Her love will then secure her, which is as fer-
vent

Evan.

Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long, and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* law
Made love a merchandize, to traffick hearts
For marriage, and for dowry, who's secure?
Now her great sign of love is, she's content
To bind you in the strongest chains, and to
A slavery noight can manumize you from
But death; and I could be content to be
A slave to you without those vile conditions---

Tim. Why are not our desires within our power?
Or why should we be punish'd for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own affections;
They're mov'd by some invisible active power,
And we are only passive; and whatsoever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience
To our desires, we suffer, not commit;
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree, (for't.
That we must suffer first, and then be punish'd

Evan. Your philosophy is too subtle --- but what
Security of love from her can be like mine?
Is marriage a bond of truth, which does consist
Of a few trifling ceremonies? Or are those
Charms or philters? 'tis true, my lord, I was not
First lifted o'er the threshold, and then
Led by my parents to *Minerva's* temple:
No young unyok'd Heifer's blood was offer'd
To *Diana*; no invocation to *Juno* or the *Parca*;
No coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
Nor was your house adorn'd with garlands then;
Nor had I figs thrown on my head, or lighted
By my dear Mother's torches to your bed:
Are these slight things, the bonds of truth and con-
I came all love into your arms, unmix'd fancy
With other aims; and you for this will cause
My death.

Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my lord, if that be true, then go not to
For I shall die to see another have *(Melissa,*
Possession of all that e'er I wish'd for on earth.

Tim. I would I had not seen *Melissa* -- *(left;*

Evan. Ah, my dear lord, there is some comfort
Cherish those nob'e thoughts, and they'll grow
Your lawful gratitude and love will rise, *(stronger,*
And quell the other rebel-passion in you;
Use all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'll die to make you happy.

Tim. You have mov'd me to be womanish; pray
I will love you. *(retire,*

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bless my Dear.
Farewell; but will you never see *Melissa* more?

Tim. Sweet excellence! retire.

Evan. I will--will you remember your *Evandra*?

Tim. Yes, I will.

How happy were mankind in constancy,
'Twould equal us with the celestial spirits!
Oh! could we meet with the same tremblings still,
Those panting joys, those furious desires,
Those happy trances which we found at first!
Eut, oh!

*Unhappy man, whose most transporting joy
Feeds on such lucious food as soon will cloy,
And that which shou'd preserve, does it destroy.*

Exit Timon.

ACT II.

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

WHat think'st thou, *Chloe*? will this dress become
me?

Chlo. Oh, most exceedingly! this pretty curl
Does give you such a killing grace, I swear

That

That all the youth at the Lord Timon's Mask
Will die for you.

Mel. No : But dost thou think so, *Chloe* ? I love
To make those fellows die for me, and I
All the while look so scornfully ; and then with my
Head on one side, with a languishing eye I do so
Kill 'em again : 'pr'ythee, what do they say of me,
Chloe ?

Chloe. Say ! that you are the queen of all their hearts,
Their goddess, their Destiny, and talk of *Cupid's*
flames,

And darts, and wounds ! Oh, the rarest language,
'Twould make one die to hear it ; and ever now
And then steal some gold into my hand,
And then commend me to o.

Mel. Dear soul, do they ? and do they die for me ?

Chloe. O yes, the finest, properest gentlemen ---

Mel. But there are not many that die for me ? hum-

Chloe. O yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Thessalus*, *Eumolpides*, *Memnon*, and indeed all that see your ladyship.

[*ha Chloe* ?

Mel. I'll swear ! how is my complexion to-day ?

Chloe. O most fragrant 'tis a rare white wash this !

Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought ; had I
not best lay on some more red, *Chloe* ?

Chloe. A little more would do well ; it makes you
look so pretty and so plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this morning in dressing.

Chloe. O no, I vow you have been but bare three
Hours.

Mel. No more ! well, if I were sure to be thus
pretty but seven years, I'd be content to die then
on that condition.

Chloe. The Gods forbid.

Mel. I'll swear I would ; but dost thou think *Timon*
will like me in this dress ?

Chloe. Oh, he dies for you in any dress, Madam !

Mel.

Mel. O this vile taylor, that brought me not home my new habit to-day; he deserves the ostracism! a villain! to disorder me so; I am afraid it has done harm to my complexion: I have dreamt of it these two nights, and shall not recover it this week --- [your eyes.

Chlo. Indeed, Madam, he deserves death from

Mel. I think I look pretty well: will not *Timon* perceive my disorder? --- ha --

Chlo. Oh no, but you speak as if you made this killing preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one; I love to have all the young blades follow, kiss my hand, admire, adore me, and die for me; but I must have but one favour'd servant; it is the game and not the quarry, I must look after it in the rest.

Chlo. O Lord, I would have as many admirers as

Mel. Ay so would I--but favour one alone [I could. No, I am resolv'd nothing shall corrupt my honesty; Those admirers would make one a whore, *Chloe*, And that undoes us, 'tis our interest to be honest.

Chlo. Would they? no I warrant you, I'd fain see Any of those admirers make me a whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honestly, and is rich --

Chlo. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*; He is the rarest person!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: oh! he was the beautiful'st man, the finest wit in *Athens*, the best companion, fullest of mirth and pleasure, and the prettiest ways he had to please ladies, he would make his enemies rejoice to see him.

Chlo. Why? he is all this, and can do all this still.

Mel. Ay, but he has been long banish'd for breaking *Mercury's* images, and profaning the mysteries of *Proserpine*; besides, the people took his estate from him, and I hate a poor fellow, from my heart I swear; I vow, methinks I look so pretty to-day, I could kiss myself, *Chloe*.

Chlo.

Chlo. O dear Madam -- I could look on you for ever; oh, what a world of murder you'll commit to-day!

Mel. Dost thou think so? ha! ha! no, no ---

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon*'s come to wait on you, and begs admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Desire his presence.

Tim. There is enchantment in her looks, Afresh I am wounded every time I see her; All happiness to beautiful *Melissa*.

Mel. I shall want none in you, my dearest lord.

Tim. Sweetest of creatures, in whom all th'excellence of heav'nly woman-kind is seen unmixt; (Hence Nature has wrought thy metal up without alloy.

Mel. I have no value, but my love of you, And that I am sure has no alloy; 'tis of So strong a temper, neither time nor death, Nor any change can break it --

Tim. Dear charming sweet, thy value is so great, No kingdom upon earth should buy thee from me: But I have still an enemy with you, That guards me from my happiness; a vow Against the law of nature, against love, The best of nature, and the highest law.

Mel. It will be but a week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole age; in all approaching joys, The nearer they come to us, still the time Seems longer to us: But, my dear *Melissa*, Why should we bind ourselves with vows and oaths? Alas, by nature we are too much confin'd, Our liberties so narrow, that we need not Find fetters for our selves: No, we should seize On pleasure wheresoever we can find it, Lest at another time we miss it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your vow, it was a rash one.

Mel.

Mel. Thou foolish wench, I cannot get my thing
In order 'till that time; do'st think I will
Be marry'd like some vulgar creature, which
Snatches at the first offer, as if she
Were desperate of having any other? (vow?)

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your

Mel. If any thing, one word of your's wou'd do't:
But how can you be once secure I'll keep
A vow to you, that wou'd not to myself?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come, *Melissa*,
To interrupt our joys; let us make sure
O'th' present minute, for the rest perhaps
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a vow;
No, you shall never find a change in me;
All the fixt stars shall sooner stray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may assure you of my love; if not,
Upon my knees I swear ---
Were I the queen of all the universe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery,
I would not change my love to him.

Tim. And here I vow,
Shou'd all the frame of nature be dissolv'd,
Shou'd the firm centre shake, shou'd earthquakes
With such a fury to disorder all (rage)
The peaceful and agreeing elements,
'Till they were huddled into their first chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the same,
The same adorer of *Melissa*! (to it.)

Mel. This is so great a Blessing Heav'n can't add

Tim. Thou art my heav'n, *Melissa*, the last mark
Of all my hopes and wishes; so I prize thee,
That I could die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timon.

Serv. My lord, your dinner's ready, and your lord-
Guests wait your wish'd presence: the lord (ship's
Nicias is already there. *Tim.*

Tim. Let's haste to wait on him, *Melissa*.

Mel. It is my duty to my father. [Exeunt.

Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants setting things in order for the feast.

Poet. His honour will soon be here, I have prepar'd the maskers ;

They are all ready.

Apem. How now, Poet ? what piece of foppery art thou to present to *Timon* ?

Poet. Thou art a senseless snarling stoick, and hast no taste of poetry.

Apem. Thy poetry's insipid, none can taste it :

Thou art a wordy foolish scribler, who

Writ'st nothing but high-sounding frothy stuff ;

Thou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little sense, As all leaf-gold, and has no weight in't :

Thou lov'st impertinent description,

And when thou hast a rapture, it is not

The sacred rapture of a poet, but

Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,

Like mad-men's thoughts, and this thou call'st poetical.

Poet. You are judge ! shall dull philosophers judge

Of us, the nimble fancies and quick spirits

Of the age ?

Apem. The cox-combs of the age :

Are there such eminent fopperies as in the

Minds of this time ? their most unreasonable heads

Are whimsical, and fantastick as fiddlers ;

They are the scorn and laughter of all witty men ;

The folly of you makes the art contemptible ;

None of you have the judgment of a gander.

Enter *Elius*, *Nicias*, *Phæax*, and the other Senators.

Poet. You are a base snarling critick ; write your verses, do and you dare.

Apem. I confess, 'tis a daring piece of valour in a man of sense to write to an age that likes your foolish stuff.

Nici.

Nici. What time o' th' day is't, *Apemantus* ?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time serves always.

Apem. Then what excuse hast thou, that wouldst
Thus long omit it ?

Isid. You stay to be at the lord *Timon's* feast.

Apem. Yes, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat

Clon. Well, fare thee well. (fools.

Apem. Thou art an ass to bid me farewell.

Clon. Why so ?

Apem. Because I have not so little reason or honesty,
to return thee one good wish for it.

Phæax. Go hang thy self.

Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding ; make thy
requests to thy friend, if there be such a wretch on
earth. (from me.

Phæax. Be gone, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee

Apem. Tho' I am none, I'll fly like a dog the heels
of the ass.

Nici. He's opposite to all humanity. ---

Ælius. Now we shall taste of *Timon's* bounty.

Phæax. He hath a heart brimfull of kindness and
good-will ---

Isid. And pours it down on all his friends, as if
The god of wealth, were but his steward. (Plutus.

Phæax. No deed but he repays sev'n-fold above
Its self, no gift but breeds the giver such
Return, as does exceed his wishes.

Thrafil. He bears the noblest mind that ever go-
vern'd man.

Phæax. Long may he live with prosperous fortune
But I fear it--- (tunes.

Ælius. I hear a whisper, as tho' he fails his credit
Even of their interest. (toss.

Phæax. I fear it is too true --- well, 'tis pity ; but
he's a good lord !

Enter

Enter Timon, with Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, and a great train with him.

Here he comes, my noble lord.

Nici. Most worthy Timon!

Ælius. My most honour'd lord.

Tim. You over joy me with your presence! is there On earth a sight so splendid, as tables well Fill'd with good and faithful friends, like you? Dear Melissa! be pleas'd to know my friends: O Apemantus! thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou shalt not make me welcome; I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'st me not, I'll lock thy heav'n from thee hereafter: think On the ebb of your estate, and flow of debts; How many prodigal bits do slaves and flatterers gorge?

[Timon,

And now 'tis noble Timon, worthy Timon, royal And when the means is gone that buys this praise, The breath is gone whereof the praise is made.

Tim. It is not so with my estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities, So the gods bless me.

[ties,

When all your offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders, when every vault has wept With drunken spilth of wine, when every room Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrels, Or roaring singing drunkards; I have retir'd To my poor homely Cell, and set my eyes At flow for thee, because I find something in Thee that might be worthy — but as thou art, I Hate and scorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more; had I no estate, I Am rich in friends, my noble friends here, The dearest loving friends that ever man Was blest with.

Nici. Oh! might we have an happy opportunity to shew how we love and honour you!

D

Ælius.

26 TIMON of ATHENS:

Ælius. That you would once but use our hearts.

Isand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.

Phœax. Yes, all our selves, if you wou'd put us to a Tryal, then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd serve me all ;
Shall I distrust my friends? I have often wish'd
My self poorer, that I might use you.— We are
Born to do good one to another: Friends,
Unless we use 'em, are like sweet instruments hung
Up in cases: but oh, what a precious comfort
'Tis to have so many like Brothers, commanding
One anothers fortunes! Trust me, my joy brings
To my eyes.

Phœax. Joy had the like conception in myeyes. [water

Apem. Ho, ho, ho—I laugh to think that it conceiv'd a bastard.

Tim. What dost thou laugh for?

Apem. To hear these smell-feasts lie and fawn so,
Not only flattering thee, but thy mutton and thy
partridge:

These flies, who at one cloud of winter showers
Would drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence the dog.

Phœax. Let the snarling cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile earth, of what mean dirt a
lord is kneaded! [hurts us not.

Tim. The man I think is honest, and his humour

Apem. I would my reason wou'd do thee good, *Timon.*

Mel. This is an odd snarling fellow; I like him.

Apem. If I could without lying, I'd say the same of
thee.

Mel. Why? 'pr'ythee, what dost thou think of me?

Tim. He'll snarl at thee.

Mel. No matter.

Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red
The picture of vanity drawn to th' life; [earth
I am

I am thinking how handsome that Skull will be,
When all the flesh is off ; that face thou art
So proud of, is a poor vain, transitory thing,
And shortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, scurvy poor fellow.

Tim. No more of this, be not so sullen ; I'll be
kind to thee, and better thy condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd too,
There would be none left to rail at thee, and then
Thou'dst sin the faster : *Timon*, thou givest so long,
Thou'lt shortly give thyself away.

Tim. I'll hear no more : let him have a table by
Himself.

Apem. Let me have some roots and water, such
as nature intended for our meat and drink, before
eating and drinking grew an art.

[*The meat is serv'd up with kettle drums and trumpets.*]

Tim. Sit, dear *Melissa*, this is your feast :

And all you see is yours.

And all that you can wish for shall be so.

Come, sit, lords, no ceremony ;

That was devis'd at first to set a gloss

On feigned deeds, and hollow-hearted welcomes,

Recurring goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shewn :

True friendship needs 'em not: you're more welcome
To my fortunes, than my fortunes are to me.

[*They sit.*]

Will you not have some meat, *Apemantus* ?

Apem. I scorn thy meat, 'twould choke me ; for I
should

Ne'er flatter ye ; ye gods, what a number of men

Eat *Timon* ! and yet he sees 'em not.

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat

In one man's blood, and all the madness is,

He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't :

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men ;

Methinks they should invite them without knives,

'Twere safer far. That fellow that sits next him,
 Now parts bread with him, pledges his breath
 In a divided draught, may next day kill him;
 Such things have been. If I were a huge man,
 I shou'd be afraid to drink at mea's, [places.
 Lest they shou'd spy my wind-pipe's dang'rous
 Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. Now, my lords, let *Melissa's* health go round.

Ælius. Let it flow this way——

[Kettle-drums and trumpets sound.

Apem. How this pomp flows to a little oil
 and roots?

These healths will make thee and thy state look ill.

Phœax. Peace, villain. [nery

Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sin-
 Here's honest water ne'er left man i'th' mire,
 This and my root will still keep down
 My sawcy and presumptuous flesh,
 That it shall never get the better of me——

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
 I pray for no man but my self,
 Grant I may never be so fond
 To trust man on his Oath or Bend;
 Or a harlot for her weeping,
 Or a dog that seems a sleeping,
 Or a jailor with my freedom,
 Or my friends if I shou'd need 'em.
 Amen, Amen, and so fall to't,
 Great men sin, and I eat root.

Much good may't do thee, good *Apemantus*.

Nici. Our noble lord *Timon's* health, let it go
 And drums and trumpets sound. [round,

[Kettle drums, &c.

Apem. What madness is the pomp, the noise, the
 The frantic glory of this foolish life! [splendor,
 We make our selves fools to disport our selves,
 And

And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes
Of folly and of madness, these fill up
The scenes and empty spaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a dull repetition,
A vain fantastic dream, and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now, my good lords and friends, I speak to
you,

You that are of the council of four hundred,
In the behalf of a dear friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the
And any thing in *Athens*. [Council,

Tim. I speak chiefly

To you my lord and father; and to *Phæax*.

Phæax. My good lord, command me to my death
and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades*,
(Whose enemies ye have been, and whose friends
I beg ye will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens*;

Not openly, because he will not trust
The insolence of the tumultuous rabble;
If he solicits his recallment with you,
There lives not on this earth a man that has
Deserv'd so well from the Nobility;
He has preserv'd ev'n *Athens* in his exile,
By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from
The *Lacedæmonian* rage, and other foes
That might have laid this city low in ashes.

How many famous battles has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his absence he has wrested
The government from the insulting vulgar;
Whose wisdom's blindness, and whose power is mad-
And plac'd it in your noble hands; methinks [ness:
You in return should take off his hard sentence
Of banishment, and render back all his estate.

Phæax. Is there a thing on earth you would com-
mand us

That we would disobey?

Nisi. I am absolutely your's in all commands.

Ælius. How proud am I that I can serve Lord

Timon!

[now, *Timon?*

Apem. Think'st thou thy self thy Country's friend
His foul riot and his inordinate lust,
His wavering passions, and his headlong will,
His selfish principles, his contempt of others,
His mockery, his various sports, his wantonness,
The rage and madness of his luxury
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
Will soon make thine.

Isod. Hang him, we never mind him.

Isand. When will he speak well of any man?

Apem. When I can find a man that's better than
A beast, I will fall down and worship him.

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
Is the masque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish folly slaves find out
To please and court all thy distemper'd appetites!
They spend their flatteries to devour those men
Upon whose age they'll void it up agen
With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not deprav'd, or else depraves?
Who die that bear not some spurns to their graves
Of their friends giving? I should fear that those,
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day stamp on me: it has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all society,
I'll hear no more——be gone.

Apem. Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Thou would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thy
self for't.

Tim. I do not think so——fare thee well.

[Exit *Apemantus*.

Enter

or the MAN-HATER. 31

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are some ladies masqu'd desire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to Ev'ry Athenian? they do me honour, Wait on 'em in; were I not bound to do My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity To deliver this till now, it is a letter From Alcibiades.

Mel. Dear Alcibiades, oh! how shall I love him, When he's restor'd to his estate and country! He will be richer far than Timon is, And I shall chuse him first of any man; How lucky 'tis I should put off my wedding.

Enter Evandra with ladies masqu'd.

Tim. Ladies, you do my house and me great honour; I should be glad you would unmask, that I might see to whom I owe the obligation.

1 Lad. We ask your pardon, we are stoln out upon Curiosity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleasure ladies shall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay thing so much admir'd, That's born to rob me of my happiness, And of my life; her face is not her own, Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so: Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all, There's nothing natural: she always acts And never shews herself; how blind is love That cannot see this vanity! *[Masque begins.]*

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A symphony of pipes imitating the chirping of Birds.

Nymph. Hark how the songsters of the grove Sing anthems to the god of love.

Hark how each am'rous winged pair, With love's great praises fill the Air.

Chorus.

Chorus. *On ev'ry side the charming sound
Does from the kollow woods rebound.*

Retornella.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires
Their chearful notes, their soft desires:
While heat makes buds or blossoms spring,
These pretty couples love and sing.*

Chorus { *But winter puts out their desire,*
with Flutes. { *And half the year they want love's fire.*

Retornella.

Full { *But ah! how much are our delights more dear,*
Chorus { *For only human kind love all the year.*

Enter the Menades and Ægipanes.

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deity
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, who always keeps us free
From that blind childish power.*

2 Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,
And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have lusty wine.*

Chorus { *Then hang the dull wretch who has care in*
with { *his soul,* [contend.
haut-boys. { *Whom love, or whom tyrant, or laws can*
{ *If in his right hand he can have a full bowl.*

Nymph. *Go drivel and snore with your fat God of
Wine,
Your swell'd faces with pimples adorning,
Soak your brain over night and your senses
resign,*

Nymph. *And forget all you did the next morning.
With dull aking noddles live on in a mist,
And never discover true joy:
Would love tempt with beauty, you could not
resist,
The empire he slights, he'd destroy.*

1 Bach.

1 Bach. Better our heads than hearts should ache,
His childish empire we despise;
Good Wine of him a slave can make,
And force a lover to be wise.
Better, &c.

2 Bach. Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,
And takes the Terror off from War.
To Love's affliction it gives Ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.

Nymph. 'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,
The End of Wealth and Power is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.

Retornella of Haut-boys.

Bach. 'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty Strains,
And makes the Young Love's Chains despise.
Retornella.

Nymphs and } Love rules the World.
Shepherds. }

Menades and } 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.
Egipanes. }

Nymphs and } 'Tis Love, 'tis Love.
Shepherds. }

Menades and } 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.
Egipanes. }

Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

Bacchus. Ho'd, hold, our Forces are combin'd,
And we together rule mankind.

{ Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices
will join, (good Wine.

General } To sound the loud praises of love and
Chorus. { Wine gives vigour to love, love makes wine
go down, [is our own.

And by love and good drinking all the world
Tim.

Tim. 'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd, and
Reward you well : let us retire into my next (I'll
Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you,
And where I will distribute some small presents,
To testify my love and gratitude.

Phaax. A noble lord !

Ælius. Bounty it self.

Tim. Thus, my *Melissa*, will we always spend
Our time in pleasures : but whoe'er enjoys
Thee, has all this life affords sum'd up in that.

Evan. These words did once belong to me, but oh !
My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this ?

Tim. Ladies, I hope you'll honour me with your
And accept of a collation. (presence,

1 *Lady.* We ask your pardon, and must leave you.

Tim. *Demetrius*, wait on them.

Evan. My lord, I'd speak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleased, Madam, to retire with your
father, I'll wait on you instantly. [to *Melissa*.

[*Exeunt all but Timon and Evandra.*

Who are you, Madam ? (you.

Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of

Tim. *Evandra* ! What confusion am I in !

Evan. I am sorry in the midst of all your joys
I should disturb you thus ; I had a mind
To see you once before I dy'd ; I ne'er
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear these killing words. (room

Evan. They'll be my last, and therefore give 'em
I am hatt'ning to my death, then you'll be happy ;
I ne'er shall interrupt your joys again,
Unless the memory of me should make
You drop some tears upon my dust ; I know
Your noble nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you so, that she cou'd die to make
You happy.

Tim.

Tim. Ah, dear *Evandra* ! that would make
Me wretched far below all misery ;
I'd rather kill my self than hear that news :
I call the gods to witness, there's not one
On earth I more esteem.

Evan. Esteem ! alas !

It is too weak a cordial to preserve
My fading life, I see your passion's grown
Too headstrong for you. Oh, my dearest *Timon* !
While I have any breath, must call you so ;
Had you once struggled for my sake,
And striven to oppose the raging fury of
Your fatal love, I should have dy'd contented.
But oh ! false to your self, to all my hopes,
And me ; you suck'd the subtle poison in
So greedily, you would not stay to taste it.

Tim. She moves me strongly ; I have found from
The truest and the tenderest love that e'er [her
Woman yet bore to man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the disease
To admit a cure : I will persuade no longer ;
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh, talk not of death : I'll love you still :
I can love two at once, trust me I can.

Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or no-
I love you so, I cannot live to see [thing :
That dear, that most ador'd person in another's arms.
My love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
And broken meat, that falls from your *Melissa*.
No, dear false man, you soon shall be at rest,
I came but to receive a parting kiss ;
You'll not deny me that ? [ever.

Tim. I will not part with you ; we'll be friends for

Evan. No, no, it cannot be ; forgive this trouble,
Since 'tis the last, I'll never see you more ;
And may *Melissa* ever love you as
Th' excellence of your form deserve ; and may
She

Tim.

36 TIMON of ATHENS:

She please you longer than th'unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Gods! why should I not love this woman (best?)
She has deserv'd beyond all measure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as angels are;
But I have had her love already.
Oh, most accursed charm, that thus perverts me!

I have made a woman of me.

*[Aside.
to her.]*

Evan. I'll have but one last look of that
Bewitching face that ruin'd me.

Oh, I could devour it with my eyes; but I'll
Remove it from thee. I ne'er
Shall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient 'till I give thee satisfaction.

Evan. No, dearest enemy, I'll remove the guilt
From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self.

[Offers to stab her self.]

Tim. Hold, dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'st my life
Preserve thy own; for here I swear, that minute
When thou attempt'st thy life, I will lose mine.
Where's *Diphilus*?

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here, my lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self:
She's agitated by a dangerous passion.
My dear, let *Diphilus* wait on thee home;
As soon as ever my company is gone,
I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evan. No, no: I cannot hope -- farewell for ever.

Ex. Diph. and Evan.

Tim. I must resolve on something for her comfort;
For the empire of the earth I wou'd not lose her.
There is not one of all her sex exceeds her
In love, or beauty —
O miserable state of human life!

We

or the MAN-HATER. 37

We slight all the enjoyments which we have;
And those things only value which we have not:
Where is Demetrius?

Dem. My lord!

Tim. Where is the casket which I spoke for?

Dem. It is here my lord: I beg your lordship hear
I have business that concerns you nearly-- (we speak.

Tim. Some other time; of late thou dost perplex
me

Each moment with the hateful name of business,
That mortal foe to pleasure, I'll not hear it.

Dem. So! all now is at an end! . . . [Ex. Timon.
He does command us to provide great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.

His promises fly so beyond his 'state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word; his land is all engag'd,
His money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my office; lest he shou'd borrow all
I have gotten in his service. Well!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such who do ev'n Enemies exceed. (Ex. Demet.

ACT II.

Enter Timon and Demetrius.

Tim. **D**emetrius!

How comes it that I have been thus en-
counter'd

With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the unjust detention of money long since due?
I knew I was in debt, but did not think
I had gone so far; wherefore before this time
Did you not lay my state fully before me?

Dem. You would not hear me.

E

At

38 TIMON of ATHENS:

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Lay'd 'em before you — you would throw 'em off,
And say, you found 'em in my honesty.
I have beyond good manners pray'd you often
To hold your hand more close and was rebuk'd for't.

Tim. You should have prest it further.

Dem. What e'er I durst I did, it was my interest,
For if my lord be poor, what then must I be?
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof:
Oh, my good lord, the world is but a world,
If it were your's to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no money in the treasury?

Dem. Not enough to supply the riot of two meals.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;

And some already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future come apace.

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend!

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honest.

Dem. It grieves me to consider 'mongst what parasites

And trencher friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From oracles. I never could be heard.

Tim. Come; preach no more, thou soon shalt find
that I

Have not misplac'd my bounty, why dost weep?
I am rich in friends, and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.

Dem.

Dem. I doubt it.

(fortune.

Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake my
Now I shall try my friends. Who waits there?

Enter three Servants.

1 Ser. My lord!

Tim. Go you to Pheax and to Cleon, you to I'ander
And Aëlius, you to Isodore and Thrafilus,
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em
For a supply of money. Let the request
Be fifty talents from each man.

1 Ser. We will, my lord. (from whom

Tim. Thou, Demetrius, shalt go to the senate,
Even to the states best health I have deserv'd
This hearing. Petition them to send me 500 talents.

Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of
Importunate slaves and hungry creditors, go not to
'em. [Ex. Dem.]

Tim. What! must my doors b'oppos'd against
my passage?

Have I been ever free, and those been open

For all *Abnicians* to go in and out

At their own pleasure? My porter at my gate

Ne'er kept man out, but smil'd and did invite

All that pass'd by it in, and must be he

My jailer, and my house my prison! no,

I'll not despair: my friends will never fail me. [Exit.]

Scene is the porch or cloister of the Senate.

Apemantus speaking to the people and several senators.

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base diseases

Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious: [Exit.]

Behold the poorest miserable wretch

Which the sun shines on; in the midst of all

Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,

The fool will find out something to be proud of.

Aëlius. This is all railing.

[have 'em]

Apem. When you deserve my precepts, you shall

F. 2

Mean

Mean while, if I'll be honest, I must rail at you.

Clean. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phaux. Our government is too remiss in suffering
Licence of philosophers, orators, and poets. [the

Apem. Shew me a mighty lordling, who's puffed up,
And swells with the opinion of his greatness;
He's an ass. For why does he respect himself so,
But to make others do it? wretched ass!

By the same means he seeks respect, loses it.
Mean thing! does he not play the fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements, and stink,
Like other men, and die and rot so too?

What then shou'd it be proud of? 'tis a lord;
And that's a word some other men cannot
Prefix before their names: what then? a word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
Or if made a lord, perhaps it was

[Enter Timon's 3 Servants.

By blindness or partiality i'th' government,
If for desert, he loses it in pride;
Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
Them for himself; himself shou'd then reward'em.
Oh! but perhaps he's rich; 'tis a million to one
There was villany in the getting of that dirt,
And he has the Nobility to have knaves for his An-
cestors.

[government's

Phaux. Hang thee, thou snarling Rascal, the go-
To blame in suffering thee to rail so long.

Apem. The government's to blame in suffering
the things I rail at.

In suffering judges without beards or law, se-
cretaries that can't write;

Generals that durst not fight, ambassadors that
can't speak sense;

Block-heads to be great ministers, and lord it over
witty men;

[bribes;

Suffering great men to sell their country for filthy
Old limping senators to sell their souls

For

Why

For vile extortion; matrons to turn incontinent;
And magistrates to pimp for their own daughters.
Ruin of orphans, treachery, murder, rapes,
Incests, adulteries and unnatural sins, [ment,
Fill all your dwellings; here's the shame of govern-
And not my railing: Men of harden'd foreheads,
And fear'd hearts: 'Tis a weak and infirm govern-
That is so froward it cannot bear mens words. [ment,
Ælius. Well, babling philosophical, rascal, we
You tremble one day. [shall make

Æm. Never.

Sordid great man! it is not in your power,
I fear not man no more than I can love him.
'Twere better for us that wild beasts possess
The empire of the earth; they'd use men better,
Than they do one another. They'd ne'er prey
On man but for necessity of nature.

Man undoes man in wantonness and sport,
Brutes are much honefter than he; my dog
When he fawns on me is no courtier,
He is in earnest; but a man shall smile,
And wish my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, say'st thou?

Serv. Yes! he says he's proud he has occasion
to make use of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that?

[*Aside*]

Unfortunate man! I have not half a talent by me!
But here are other lords can do it. [for him;
I honour him so, that if he will, I'll sell my land
But pr'ythee excuse me to him, I am in great haste
At this time. [Ex. *Cleon*.

Serv. 'Tis as I thought. How monstrous and de-
form'd a thing is base ingratitude! here's *Phæax*.
My lord?

Phæax. Oh! one of lord *Timon*'s men? a gift I
warrant you.

Why this hits right. I dreamt of a silver bason and

Ewer to-night. How does that honourable, compleat,
Free-hearted gentleman, thy very bountiful good

1 Serv. Well in his health, my lord. [lord?]

Phaex. I am heartily glad, what hast thou under
thy cloak, honest youth?

1 Serv. An empty box, which by my lord's com-
mand [talents]

I come to intreat your honour to supply with fifty
He has instant need of. He bids me say he does
Doubt your friendship. [not]

Phaex. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good lord!

He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept so good
a house,

'Twould have been better: I've often din'd with him,
And told him of it, and come again to supper for
That purpose to have him spend less, but 'twould
not do:

I am sorry for't: but, good lad, thou art hopeful and
Good parts. [of]

1 Serv. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Phaex. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due; thou
know'st

What's reason. And can'st use thy time well, if the
time use [art wise,

Thee well—'tis no time to lend money. Thou
Here's money for thee—good lad, wink at me and
'Thou saw'st me not. [say]

1 Serv. Is't possible the world should differ so,
And we alive that liv'd in't?

Apem. What! art thou sent to invite those knaves
To feast with thy luxurious lord? [again]

1 Serv. No: I came to borrow fifty talents for him,
And this lord has given me this to say, I did not

Apem. Is't come to that already? [see him.]

Base slavish *Phaex*, thou of the nobility!
Let molten coin be thy damnation.

Phaex. Peace, dog.

Apem.

Apem. Thou worse! thou trencher fly, thou flatterer,

Thou hast Timon's meat still in thy gluttonous paunch,

And dost deny him money. Why should it thrive,
And turn to nutriment, when thou art poison?

2 Serv. My noble lord. (friend?)

Isand. Oh! how does thy brave lord, my noblest

2 Serv. May it please your honour, he has sent—

Isand. Hah——what has he sent? I am so much oblig'd

To him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank
What has he sent? (him, hah?)

2 Serv. He has sent me to tell you he has occasion
To use your friendship, he has instant need
Of fifty talents——

Isand. Is that the business? hah!

I know his honour is but merry with me,
He cannot want as many hundreds.

2 Serv. Yes, he wants fifty, but is assur'd of your
honour's friendship.

Isand. Thou art not sure in earnest?

2 Serv. Upon my life I am.

Isand. What an unfortunate wretch am I? to dis-
Myself upon so good a time, (furnish
When I might have shewn how much I love
And honour him: this is the greatest affliction
Perfell upon me: the gods can witness for me,
I was just sending to my lord my self:

I have no power to serve him, my heart bleeds
I hope his honour will conceive the best; (for't.
Beast that I am, that the first good occasion
Shou'd not be in my power to use; I beg
A thousand pardons.——Tell him so——

Apem. Thou art an excellent summer friend!
How often hast thou dipt i'th' dish with him?
He has been a father to thee with his purse,

Supported

Supported thy estate: when e'er thou drinkest,
His silver kisses thy base lips, thou rid'st upon
His horses, ly'st on his beds.

Isand. Peace, or I'll knock thy brains out. [Ex. *Isan.*

2 *Serv.* My Lord *Thrasillus*——

Thra. He's come to borrow, I must shun him.
I hope your Lord is well.

2 *Serv.* Yes, my lord, and has sent me——

Thra. To invite me to dinner. I am in great haste—
But I'll wait on him if I can possible. [Ex. *Thra.*

Apem. Good fool, go home; do'st think to find
a grateful man in *Athens*?

3 *Serv.* If my lord's occasions did not press him
very much, I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why should he send to me? I am poor:
There's *Phæax*, *Cleon*, *Iodote*, *Thrasillus*, and *Iander*,
And many men that owe their fortunes to him.

3 *Serv.* They have been toucht and found base
metal. [come to me?

Ælius. Have they deny'd him; and must you
Must I be his last refuge? 'tis a great slight;
Must I be the last sought to? he might have
Consider'd who I am.

3 *Serv.* I see he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the first that e'er receiv'd gift from
And I will keep it for his honour's sake, [him,
But at present I cannot possibly supply him:
Besides, my father made me swear upon
His death, I never should lend money.
I've kept the oath e'er since. Fare thee well.

3 *Serv.* They all fly us! [Ex. *Ælius.*

Apem. The barbarous herd of mankind shun
One in affliction, and turn him out as
Deer do one that's hunted; go, go home
To thy fond lord, and bid him curse himself,
That would not hear me: bid him live on root
And water, and know himself; he had better
Have

Have shun'd mankind, than be deserted by them.

[Ex. Omnes.

Enter Melissa and Chloe. [world?

Mel. Who could have thought Timon so lost i'th'
With what amazement will the news of this
So sudden alteration be receiv'd by all Athenians?

Chloe. Is it for certain true? [sur'd me

Mel. Certain as death or fate! my father has as-
Of it, that he is a bankrupt, his credit gone, and all
His ravenous creditors with open jaws will swallow
him.

'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll stand upon my guard.

Enter Page. [dance.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires admit-

Mel. See Chloe, if it be Lord Timon, or any one
from him,

Say I am not well. I will not be seen: be sure I
be not.

Chloe. I warrant you. (Ex. Chloe.

Mel. Seen by a bankrupt! no, base poverty
Shall never enter here. Oh, were my Alcibiades
Recall'd, he would adore me still, and wou'd be
Rich too.

Enter Alcibiades in disguise, and Chloe. (not.

Chloe. It is a gentleman in disguise, I know him

Alcib. But my Melissa does. [Pulls off his disguise.

Mel. My Alcibiades! my hero!

The gods have harken'd to my vows for thee,
And have crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more
welcome

To me than the return of the Sun's heat
Is to the frozen region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with snow and darkness.

Alcib. My joy, my life, my blood, my soul, my
liberty,

And all that's precious in the earth, I have
Within my arms: this treasure far outweighs

The

The joys of conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy victories!
'Twas thou that conquer'd, but I triumph'd for thee;
All day I sigh'd and wish'd, and pray'd for thee,
And in the night thou entertain'd'st my sleeps,
And whensoever I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams
I was valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh, my dear *Melissa*: the cordial of thy love
Is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me,
One kiss and take my soul; another and
'Twill sally out; oh, I could fix whole ages on
Thy tender lip; and pity all the fools
That keep a senseless pother in the world for pow'r,
And pomp, and noise, and lose substantial bliss.

Mel. There is no bliss but love; and but for that
The world would fall in pieces! oh, with what a
grief

Have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my father
Prevented my escape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athen's* safety that thou did'st
I had neglected all my conquests which [not;
Preserved this base ungrateful town; for I
In thee shou'd have all that I fought for; thou
Would'st have been life, liberty, country and estate
to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wishes,
If the ungrateful senate will let me keep thee,

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in
They soon would call me home to thee. [hopes
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul;
At every stroke the memory of *Melissa*
Gave vigour to my arm, and made me conquer.

Mel. Oh, let ambition never more disturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it.
Let not the noise of drums and trumpets clangor,
Clashing

Clashing of arms, and neighing steeds, and groans
Of bleeding men entice thee from me.

Alcib. The senate shall not dare remove me from
thee.

Should they once offer it, I've an army will
Toss their usurious bags about their ears,
Rifle their houses, despoil their wives and daughters,
And dash their brains out of their doating heads.
But, dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for friends,
For ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above senseless formalities.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my ver-
Without my life: but on my knees I vow [tue
No other man, tho' crown'd the emperor
Of all the World, shall ever have my love;
And tho' thy Country basely should desert thee,
I would continue firm.

Alcib. And here

I swear, that could I conquer all the universe,
I'd lay the crowns and scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,
An oath more sacred far to me, than all
Mock deities, which knavish priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded rabble.

Chlor. Madam! your father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my father has not yet
Forgotten his enmity, the breaking of the
Peace with the Lacedemonians, and his foil
Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,
He'll not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injured me beyond all sufferance,
I would have forgiven him for begetting thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon and Servant.

Tim. Is't possible? deserted thus? what large
professions

48 TIMON of ATHENS:

professions did all these make but yesterday? did they all refuse to lend, say you?

I Serv. The rumour of your borrowing was soon Dispers'd, and then at sight of one of us They would stop, start, turn short, pass by or seem To overlook us, and avoided us, As if we had been their mortal enemies; And who suspected not, when they were mov'd, Came off with base excuses.

Tim. Ye gods! what will become of *Timon*? I'll go to 'em my self, they will not have the face to use me so.

Enter Demetrius. (Senate?)

Oh Demetrius! what news bring'st thou from the

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Just gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice, That now they are at ebb, want treasure, cannot Do what they would, are sorry; you are honourable; But yet they could have wish'd; they know not, Something has been amiss; a noble nature May catch a wrench; would all were well, 'tis pity; And so attending other serious matters, After distasteful looks, and these hard factions, With certain half caps and cold careless nods They froze me into silence.

Tim. The gods reward their villany, old men Have their ingratitude natural to 'em; Their blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows, 'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel, And nature as it grows again tow'ards earth, Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy. Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a blessing to be mad?

Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.

Dem. The Senate is assembling again, You'll find 'em in the senate house. (Exeunt.)

Enter

*Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers,
Re-enter Demetrius.*

Dem. How now, what makes this swarm of rascals here?

Each looking big, and with the visage of demand.

1 Cred. We wait for certain sums of money due.

Dem. If money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd ye not your bills and bonds
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon him,
And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon and Servants.

Tim. If Melissa be at home, tell her I'll wait on her suddenly.

1 Cred. Now, let's put in; my lord, my bill.

2 Cred. Here's mine.

3 Cred. And mine.

4 Cred. My master's.

Tim. Hold, hold, my wits. Knock me down;
Cleave me to the waite. What would ye have,

1 Cred. We ask our due. (ye harpies?)

Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.

4 Cred. My master's is thirty talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my blood.

2 Cred. Five thousand crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours and yours?

3 Cred. My lord.

1 Cred. My lord.

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces, will you?

The gods consume, confound, and rot ye all.

1 Cred. What a devil, is he mad?

2 Cred. Mercy on us, let us be gone.

3 Cred. Let's go, he'll murder some of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me,
Slaves, Creditors, Dogs; preserve my wits,
(Exit)

F

Dem.

50 TIMON of ATHENS:

Dem. My lord, be patient; passion mends it not.

[*Lampridius crosses the stage, and shuns Timon.*

Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of prison. His father dead since, and he rich. Now the villain shuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh! my good friend *Phæax*.

Phæax. Oh my lord—I am glad to see your lord. I have a sudden occasion calls me hence, [ship. I'll wait on you instantly. [*Ex. Phæax.*

Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My lord!

Cleon. Oh my good lord, I am going to see If I can serve your lordship in the command I receiv'd from you by your Servant. [*Ex. Cleon.*

Tim. Oh black ingratitude! that villain has A jewel at this moment on, which I presented him, Cost me three thousand Crowns.

Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.

Tim. There are not many sure so bad.

How have I lov'd these men, and shewn 'em kind- As if they had been my brothers, or my sons? [nefs,

[*Enter Diphilus, who seeing Timon, muffles face and turns away.* [*ry'd to*

Look, is not that my servant *Diphilus*, whom I mar- The old man's daughter, and gave him an estate too; And now he hides himself, and steals from me? How much is a dog more generous than a man; Oblige him once, he'll keep you company, Ev'n in your utmost want and misery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius*? my lord — *Ælius.*

Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would speak With him — [*Dem. goes to him, he turns back.*

Do you not know me, *Ælius*.

Ælius. Not know my good lord *Timon*!

TIMON OF ATHENS:

51

Tim. Think you I have the plague?

Ælius. No, my lord.

Tim. Why do you shun me then? [my life.

Ælius. I shun you? I'd serve your lordship with

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuse me
Wou'd venture his life for me. [money

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my
power

To supply you; but I am going to the Forum, to a
debtor;

If I receive any, your lordship shall command it.

[Ex. Ælius.

Tim. Had I so lately all the caps and knees of th'
Athenians.

And isn't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thrasillus.

Thras. Who's there? Timon?

[runs back.

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter Ifander.

How is't, Ifander?

Ifand. Oh heaven! Timon!

Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become so
an object? is poverty contagious? [dreadful

Ifand. Your lordship ever shall be dear to me.

It makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you

When you sent your servant. I am expected at the so-
bumbly ask your pardon; I'll sell all I have [nate.

But I'll supply you soon.

[Ex. Ifander.

Tim. Smooth-tongue, dissembling, weeping
knave, farewell.

And farewell all mankind! It shall be so-- *Dimitrius?*

To all these fellows. Tell 'em 'I'm supply'd. I
have no

need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good

formerly it has been. That this was but a trial,

Will invite 'em all to dinner.

Dem. My lord, there's nothing for 'em.

F 2

Tim.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean? [*Ex. Demetrius.*]

Tim. I have one reserve can never fail me,
And while *Melissa's* kind, I can't be miserable;
She has a vast fortune in her own disposal.
The sun will sooner leave his course than she
Desert me.

Enter first Servant.

Is *Melissa* at home?

1 *Serv.* She is, my lord; but will not see you.

Tim. What does the rascal say? damn'd villain
To belie her so? [*Strikes him.*]

1 *Serv.* By heav'n 'tis truth. She says she will not
see you.

Her woman told me first so. And when I would not
Believe her, she came and told me so herself;
That she had no business with you; desir'd you
would

Not trouble her; she had affairs of consequence, &c.

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art fall'n indeed; fallen
from all thy

Hopes of happiness. Earth, open and swallow the
Most miserable wretch that thou did'st ever bear.

Enter Melissa.

1 *Serv.* My lord, *Melissa's* passing by.

Tim. O dear *Melissa*!

Mel. Is he here? what luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? not see you?
And did not you send me word so? [*Timon.*]

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy, and am so now; I must
Farewell; I am going to him. [*Obey me.*]

Tim. Was it not *Melissa* said, if *Timon* were re-
duc'd

To rags and misery, and she were queen of all the
She would not change her love? [*Universe.*]

Mel. We can't command our wills;
Our fate must be obey'd. [Ex. *Mel.*

Tim. Some mountain cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O stragling senses whither are you going?
Farwell, and may we never meet again.

Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me!
I've been ungrateful to her, why should I
Blame Villains who are so to me? (afflictions;

Evan. Oh *Timon!* I have heard and felt all thy
I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more;
Nor ever would, had'st thou continu'd prosperous.
Let false *Melissa* basely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that course stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy eyes from an ungrateful man!

Evan. No, since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*,
They have been fixt upon thee present; and when ab-
I've each moment view'd thee in my mind, (sent,
And shall they now remove?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched caitiff? who
Has such a load of misery beyond
The strength of humane nature to support?

Evan. I am no base *Athenian* parasite,
To fly from thy calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.

Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accursed *Athens!* forest of two legg'd beasts;
Plague, civil war, and famine, be thy lot:
Let propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious brood may spring
To infect and damn succeeding generations;
May every infant like the viper gnaw
A passage through his mother's cursed womb;
And kill the hag; or if they fail of it,
May then the mothers like fell rav'nous bitches
Devour their own base whelps.

Evan. *Timon!* compose thy thoughts, I know thy
And that thy creditors li' e wild beasts wair (wants,
F 3 T 3

To prey upon thee ; and base *Athens* has.
 To its eternal Infamy deserted thee.
 But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
 Has so enrich'd her, she in wealth can vie
 With any of th' extorting senators,
 And comes to lay it all at thy feet.

Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o'erwhelms me;
 It covers me all o'er with shame and blushes.
 Thou hast oblig'd a wretch too much already,
 And I have us'd thee ill for't.; fly, fly, *Evandra*!
 I have rage and madness, and I shall infect thee.
 Earth! take me to thy center; open quickly!
 Oh that the world were all on fire? [heart;

Evan. Oh my dear lord! this sight will break my
 Take comfort to you, let your creditors
 Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
 Let us retire together and live free
 From all the smiles and frowns of human kind;
 & shall have all I wish for, having thee.

Tim. My senses are not sound, I never can
 Deserve thee: I've us'd thee scurvily.

Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast not.
 Comfort thy self; if thou hast been unkind,
 Forgive thy self, and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will:
 Nor will I be oblig'd to one,
 I have treated so injuriously as her—— [Aside.

Evan. Pray, my lord, go home; strive to compose
 Your self. All that I have was and is your's; I wish
 It ne'er had been, that yet I might have shewn
 By stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Most excellent of all the whole creation,
 Thou art too good that thou should'st e'er partake
 Of my misfortunes——

And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em. [Aside.
 Prithce *Evandra* go to thy own House,
 I am once more to give my flatter'ing Rogues

or the MAN-HATER. 55

An entertainment, but such a one as shall best 'em;
And then I'll see thee.

Evander. Heav'n ever bless my dear.

[*Ex. Timon and Evandra.*]

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Isander, Isidore, Thrasillus, Ælius.

Phæ. I think my honourable lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His steward as-
Me his condition was near as good as ever. (sur'd

Isander. That I doubt——but 'tis well at present
By his new feasting. (to me.

Ælius. I am sorry I was not furnish'd when he sent

Isander. I am sick of that grief, now I see how all
things go.

Enter Timon and Attendance.

Tim. Oh! my kind friends! how is't with ye all?
How I rejoice to see ye! come, serve in dinner.

Phæax. My noble lord! never so well as when your
lordship is so.

Ælius. I am sick with shame that I [to me.
Should be so unfortunate a beggar when you sent

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make trial: I have
Noneed of any sums; my estate is in good health still.

Phæax. Trial, my good lord? Would any one refuse
Your lordship were it in his power? Command half
My estate! I am sorry I was so in haste, I could
Not stay to tell you this. I have receiv'd bills even
now;

Pray use me —— I hope he will not take me at my
word. [Aside.

Isander. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I
could

Not serve you. Now my lord command me —— I
am able.

Tim. I beseech you do not think on't: I know ye
All of ye. (love me,

Phæax. Equal with ourselves, my dear lord.

Thra.

Thra. If you had sent but two hours before to me?

Cleon. Now I have money, pray command it.

Tim. No more, for heav'n's sake; think you I distrust

My kind good friends! ye are the best of friends.
My fortune ne'er shall drive me from ye, and should
Mine fail, which I hope it never will,
I know I may command all yours.

Phaex. I shall think myself happy enough if you
But command my utmost *Drachms*. (would

Ælius. That were honour indeed; to serve lord
I would with life and fortune. (Timon,

Isan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Isid. Not a man in *Athens*.

Cleon. There's no foot of my estate your lordship
May not call your own.

Thra. Nor mine, my noble lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy friends. Who has such
Kind, such hearty friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd dishes.

Isan. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Phaex. Doubt not of that; if money or the season
Can afford it.

Isid. The same good lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy friends, let's sit! make it
Not a city feast, to let the meat cool e'er we agree
Upon our places.

THE GRACE.

TOU great benefactors, make yourselves prais'd for
your own gifts, base ungrateful man will not do it
of himself; reserve still to give, lest your deities be de-
spis'd; were your godheads to borrow of men, men would
forsake ye: make the meat belov'd more than the man
that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a
score of villains. If there be twelve women, let a dozen
of 'em be — as they are. Confound, I beseech you, all
the senators of Athens, together with the common people.

What is amiss make fit for destruction; for these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but toads and snakes: a feast fit for such venomous knaves.

Phaex. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May ye a better feast never behold.

Ye knot of mouth friends, vapours, lukewarm
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, (knaves;
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
Ye fools of fortune, trencher friends, time flies,
Cap and knee slaves; an everlasting leprosy
Crust you quite o'er; what, dost thou steal away?
Soft, take thy physick first, and thou, and thou;
Lend thee money—borrow none. (Stay I will

Phaex. What means your lordship? I'll be gone,

Cleon. And I. He'll murder us.

Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly. [They run

Tim. What all in motion! henceforth be no feast, [off.

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn house, sink Athens, henceforth hate à be
Of Timon, man and all humanity. [Ex. Timon.

ACT II.

Timon Solus.

Tim. **L**ET me look back upon thee! oh thou wall
That girdlest in those wolves! sink in the
And fence not Athens longer; that vile den (earth,
Of savage beasts; ye matrons all turn whores;
Obedience fail in children, slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their stead. To general filth
Convert

Convert o'th' instant green virginity;
 Do't in their parents eyes. Bankrupts hold fast,
 Rather than render back; out with your knives,
 And cut your trustees throats. Bound servants steal;
 Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid to thy master's bed,
 Mistress to the brothel. Son of twenty one,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire:
 And with it beat his brains out. Piety, fear,
 Religion to the gods; peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observations, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries;
 And let confusion live. Plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
 Cripple the senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of your youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,
 Sow all the *Athenians* bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosy. Breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Feverly poison. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee:
 Farewell, thou most detested town, and sudden
 Ruin swallow thee. [Ex. Tim.

Scene the senate house, all the senate sitting—
 Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
 Knowing your sentence not recall'd, venture hither?
Alcib. Ye see, my reverend lords, what confidence
 I place in ye, that durst expose my person
 Before my sentence be recall'd: I am not now
 Petitioner for myself; I leave my case
 To your good and generous natures, when you shall
 Think

Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service.

I am an humble suitor to your virtue,

For mercy is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly :

'Tis for a gallant officer of mine ;

As brave a man as e'er drew sword for *Athens* :

'Tis *Thrasibulus*, who in heat of blood

Has slept into the law above his depth.

Nic. True, he has kill'd a man.

(*rust*)

Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they re-
All mercy. He is a man (setting his fate aside) of
comely

Virtues, nor did he soil the fact with cowardise ;

But with a noble fury did revenge

His injur'd reputation.

Phæax. You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nic. As if you'd bring manslaughter into form,
And valour did consist in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate valour :
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.

Isan. All single combates are detestable,
And courage that's not warranted by law
Is much too dangerous a vice to go unpunish'd.

Isid. If injuries be evil, death is most ill,
And then what folly is it for the less ill
To hazard life the chiefest good ?

Clon. There's no such courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be such valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad ? women are then more valiant
That stay at home. And the ass a better captain
Than is the lion. The malefactor that is
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge.

Nic. You cannot make gross sins look clean
With eloquence.

(*Battle,*)

Alcib. Why do fond men expose themselves to
And not endure all threats, and sleep upon 'em,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats ?

Come, my lords—be pitiful and good.

Nic.

60 TIMON of ATHENS:

Nic. He that's more merciful than law, is cruel,

Alcib. The utmost law is downright tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt,
But in defence of honour.

Pha. Honour! is any honour to be fought for
But the honour of our country? (fight)

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never
For that: let him that has no anger judge him;
How many in their anger would commit
This captain's fault — had they but courage for it?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If ye will not excuse his crime, consider
Who he is, and what he has done;
His service at *Lacedæmonia* and *Byzantium*
Are bribes sufficient for his life.

Nic. He did his duty, and was rewarded with
His pay; and if he had not done it, he should
Be punish'd.

Alcib. How my lords! is that all the return
For soldiers toils, fasting and watching;
The many cruel hardships which they suffer;
The multitude of hazards, blood, and loss
Of limbs?

Isan. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has slain in fight hundreds of enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

Isid. H'has given too many.

Ælius. He is a known rioter, he has a sin
That often drowns him; in that beastly fury
He has committed outrages.

Pha. Such as we shall not name, since others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nic. In short,
His days are foul, and nights are dangerous;
And he must die.

Alcib.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in
And done you service: if not for his deserts, (fight,
Consider all my actions, lords, and join 'em
With his — your reverend ages love security,
And therefore shou'd cherish those that give it you.

Phæ. You are too bold — he dies. No more —

Alcib. Too bold, lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What says he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Lysim. Consider well the place, and who we are!

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.

Must I sue for such common grace,
And be deny'd? my wounds ake at you!

Nic. Y're insolent! we have not forgotten yet
Your riot and destructive vices; whoredoms,
Prophaneness, giddy headed passions.

Phæ. Your breaking *Mercury's* statues, and mocking
The mysteries of sacred *Proserpine*. (to see

Alcib. Insolent! now you provoke me. I am vext
Your private malice vented in a place
Where honest men would only think
On publick interest. 'Tis base, and in another place
You would not speak thus.

Nic. How say you!

(been

Alcib. I thought the images of *Mercury* had only
The favourites of the rabble, and the rites of
Proserpine: these things are mockery to men
Of sense. What folly 'tis to worship statues when
You'd kick the rogues that made 'em! (rebel?

Phæ. How dare you talk thus? you have been a

Alcib. Could any but the basest of mankind
Urge that to me, by whom he keeps that head
That utters this against me? my rebellion!

It was 'gainst the common people. And you all
Are rebels against them.

(Spartans.

Nic. Cease your insolence! we sided not with

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' *Athenian*
Rabble but that?

G

Phæ.

62 TIMON of ATHENS:

Pha. It was well done to get your friend king *Agis*
His wife with child in his absence. (for him.)

Alcib. He was a blockhead, and I mended his breed
But what is that t'oth' matter now in hand?
You have provok'd me, lords, and I must tell you,
It is by me you sit in safety here.

Pha. By you, bold man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful man!
You have incens'd me now beyond all patience,
And I must tell you what ye owe me, lords.
'Twas I that kept great *Tissaphernes* from
The *Spartans* aid, by which *Athens* by this
Had been one heap of rubbish; I stopt
A hundred and fifty gallies from *Phœnicia*,
Which would have fallen upon you: 'twas I made
This *Tissaphernes*, *Athens'* friend, upon condition
That they would awe the common people, and take
The government into the best mens hands;
Would you were so; I sent *Pisander* then
To form this aristocracy, and promis'd
The *Persian* generals forces to assist you;
And when you had this pow'r, you cast me off
That got it you.

Nic. My lords! let him be silenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleasure, lords.
Did not your army in the isle of *Samos*,
Offended at your government, chuse me general?
And would have march'd to your destruction,
Which I diverted? in that time your foes
Would soon have won the country of *Ionia*,
Of th' *Hellepont*, and all the other isles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With civil wars. I kept some back by force,
And by fair words others, in which *Thrasybulus*,
This man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn
Having the loudest voice of all the *Athenians*
Employ'd

Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the army;
And thus we kept 'em from you, lords; and now
Athens a second time was sav'd by me.

Phæ. 'Tis a shame that we shou'd suffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded.
Another time I kept five hundred sail
Of the *Phœnicians* from the aid
Of the *Lacedæmonians*; won from 'em a sea batt'le,
Before the city of *Abidus*,

In spite of *Pharnabazus*' mighty power.
Think on my victory at *Cyzicum*, where I
Slew *Mendorus* in the field, and took the city;
I brought then the *Bythinians* to your yoke,
Won *Silibœa* on the *Helleſpont*;

And then *Byzantium*: thus not only I
Diverted the torrent of the armies fury
From you, but turn'd it on the enemies,
And all the while you safely told your money,
And let it out upon extorted interest;
Must I be after all poorly deny'd

His life, who has so often ventur'd it for you?

Phæ. He dies, and you deserve it; but our sentence
Is, for your insolence we banish you;
If you be two hours more within these walls,
Your head is forfeited. Do ye all consent?

All Sen. All, all!

Alcib. All, all! I am glad I know you all!
Banish me! banish your dotage! your extortion!
Banish your foul corruptions and self ends!
Oh the base spirit of a common-wealth!
One tyrant is much better than four hundred;
The worst of Kings would be asham'd of this:
I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
Is this the balsam the ill-natur'd senate
Pours into captains wounds? ha! banishment?
A good man would not stay with you, I embrace *(cib.*
My sentence: 'tis a cause that's worthy of me. *(Ex. Alcib.*

Nic. Was ever — heard such daring insolence?
Shall we break up the senate?

All Sen. Ay, ay.

Timon in the woods digging.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the fens,
The bogs and muddy marshes, and from
Corrupted standing lakes, rotten humidity
Enough to infect the air with dire consuming Pesti-
And let the poisonous exhalations fall (Cence,
Down on th' *Athenians*; they're all flatterers,
And so is all mankind.

For every degree of fortune's smooth'd
And sooth'd by that below it; the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool; there's nothing level
In our conditions, but base villainy;
Therefore be abhor'd each man and all society;
Earth, yield me roots; thou common whore of man-
kind,

That put'st such odds amongst the rout of nations;
I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here?
Gold! yellow, glittering precious gold! enough
To purchase my estate again: let me see further;
What a vast mass of treasure's here! there lie,
I will use none, 'twill bring me flatterers.
I'll send a pattern on't to the *Athenians*,
And let 'em know what a vast mass I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I see a passenger
Not far off, I'll send it by him to the senate.

[Ex. Timon.

Enter Evandra.

Evand. How long shall I seek my unhappy lord?
But I will find him or will lose my life.
Oh base and shameful villainy of man:
Amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his afflictions!
Ha! here is a spade! sure this belongs to some one
Who's not far off, I will inquire of him.

Enter

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there? what beast art thou that com'st
To trouble me?

Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to seek
The poor distressed Timon, did you see him?

Tim. If thou be'st born of wicked human race,
Why com'st thou hither to disturb his mind?
He has forsworn all Company!

Evan. Is this my lord! oh dreadful transforma-
My dearest lord, do you not know me! [tion!

Tim. Thou walk'st upon two legs, and hast a face
Erect tow'rds heaven; and all such animals
I have abjur'd; they are not honest,
Those creatures that are so walk on all four.
'Pr'ythee be gone.

Evan. He's much distracted sure! have you for-
Your poor Evandra? [gotten

Tim. No! I remember there was such a one,
Whom I us'd ill! why dost thou follow misery?
And add to it? 'pr'ythee be gone.

Evan. These cruel words will break my heart, I
Not to increase thy misery, but mend it. [come
Ah, my dear Timon, why this slave-like habit?
And why this spade?

Tim. 'Tis to dig roots, and earn my dinner with.

Evan. I have converted part of my estate
To money and to jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the remainder
Thou soon shalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I shall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thyself, and quit this savage life;
We have enough in spite of all the baseness
Of th' Athenians; let not those slaves
Triumph o'er thy afflictions; we'll live free.

Tim. If thou dissuad'st me from this life, thou
For all the principalities on earth [hat'st me;
I would not change this spade! 'pr'ythee be gone,
Thou tempt'st me but in vain.

G 3 Evan.

Evan. Be not so cruel;

Nothing but death shall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my life; what would'st thou
Do with me?

Evan. I'd live the same: Is there a time or place,
A temper or condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?

Tim. You must not stay with me.

Evan. Oh too unkind!

I offer'd thee all my prosperity —

And thou most niggardly deny'st me part
Of thy afflictions.

Tim. Ah soft *Evanara*! is not the bleak air
Too boist'rous a chamberlain for thee?
Or do'st thou think these reverend trees that have
Out-liv'd the raven, will be pages to thee?
And skip where thou appoint'st 'em? will the brook
Candid with morning ice, be caudle to thee?

Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am savage as a satyr, and my temper
Is much unsound, my brain will be distracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a comfort to me when I thought
That thou wer't prosperous; thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,
To mortify thyself with roots and water;
'Twill kill thee. 'Pr'ythee be gone.

Evan. To death if you command.

Tim. I have forsworn all human conversation.

Evan. And so have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see
Thee bear it.

Evan. On my knees I beg it.

If thou refus'st me, I'll kill myself,
I swear by all the gods.

Tim. Rise, my *Evandra*.

I now pronounce to all the world, there is

One woman honest ; if they ask me more,
I will not grant it : Come, my dear *Evandra*,
I'll shew thee wealth enough I found with digging
To purchase all my land again, which I
Will hide from all mankind.

Evan. Put all my gold and jewels to't.

Tim. Well said, *Evandra* ! look, here is enough
To make black white, foul fair, wrong right ;
Base noble, old young, cowards valiant.
Ye gods, here is enough to lug your priests
And servants from your altars. This thing can
Make the hear'd leprosy ador'd, place thieves
And give 'em title, knee and approbation :
This makes the toothless, warp'd and wither'd wi-
Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten [dows
Such as the spittle-house and ulcerous creatures
Would cast the gorge at : This can defile
The purest bed, and make divorce 'twixt son
And father, friends and kindred, all society ;
Can bring up new religions, and kill kings.

Evan. Let the earth that breeds it hide it, there
Sleep, and do no hired mischief. [twill

Tim. Now earth for a root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd womb teems and feeds
And of such vile corrupting metal as [all ;
Man, her proud arrogant—child, is made of, does
Engender black toads, and adders blue, the guilded
And eye-less venom'd worm, with all [new
The loathsome births the quick'ning sun does
shine on.

Tim. Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,
From out thy plenteous bosom some poor roots ;
Sear up thy fertile womb to all things else ;
Dry up thy marrow, thy veins, thy tilth and pasture,
Whereof ungrateful man with liquorish draughts
And unctuous morsels greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.

But

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But hold a while —— I am faint and weary,
My tender hands, not us'd to toil, are gall'd.

Evan. Repose yourself, my dearest love, thus —
your head

Upon my lap, and when thou hast refresh'd
Thyself, I'll gather fruits and berries for thee.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More plague! more man! retire into my cave.

Ex. Evan.

Apem. I was directed hither; men report
That thou affect'st my manners, and do'st use 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then because I would not keep a dog
Should imitate thee.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortunes. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy sordid flatt'ers yet wear silk, lye soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,
And let each great man's breath blow off thy cap.
Praise his most monstrous deformities,
And call his foulest vices excellent.
Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Do'st thou love to hear thyself prate?

Apem. No; but thou should'st hear me speak.

Tim. I hate thy speech, and spit at thee.

Apem. Do not assume my likeness to disgrace it.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy.
As the original shou'd be us'd.

Apem. How should it be us'd?

Tim. It should be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a madman, now a fool;
Art thou proud still? call any of those creatures

Whole.

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of angry heav'n, whose bare un-housed trunks
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature, bid 'em flatter thee,
And thou shalt find——

Tim. An ails of thee——

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did——

Tim. I hate thee worse——

Apem. Why so?

Tim. Thou flatterest misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a wretch——

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Apem. If thou did'st put on this sour life and habit
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well, but thou
Dost it inforc'dly, wert thou not a beggar,
Thou'd'st be a courtier again.

Tim. Slave, thou ly'st; 'tis next thee the last thing
Which I would be on earth.

Apem. How much does willing poverty excell
Uncertain pomp! for this is filling still,
Never compleat, that always at high wish;
But thou hast a contentless wretched being,
Thou shou'd'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.

Apem. I am contented with my poverty.

Tim. Thou ly'st. Thou would'st not snarl so if
But 'tis a burthen that is light to thee, (thou wert.
For thou hast been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom fortunes tender arms
With favour never claspt, but bred a dog;
Had'st thou I ke me from thy first swath proceeded
To all the sweet degrees, that this brief world
Afforded me; thou wou'd'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different Beds of lust, and never learnt

The

The icy precepts of morality,
But had'st persu'd the alluring game before thee.

Apem. Thou ly'st— I would have liv'd just as I do.

Tim. Poor slave! thou do'st not know thyself!
Can'st bear what thou hast been bred to; [thou well
But for me, who had the world as my confectionary,
The tongues, the eyes, the ears, the hearts of all men,
At duty more than I cou'd frame employments for,
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Upon the oak, they've with one winter's brush
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
To every storm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is a great burthen;
Thy nature did commence in suff'rance. Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
men?

They never flatter'd thee: if thou wilt curse,
Curse then thy father who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor hereditary rogue.

Apem. Poor ass!

The middle of humanity thou ne'er
Did'st know, but the extremity of both ends;
When thou wert in thy gilt and thy perfumes,
Men mockt thee for thy too much curiosity;
Thou in thy rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone, thou tedious prating fool.
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this
One root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy feast.

Tim. Mend my condition, take thyself away.

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. [again.

Apem. When I have nothing else to do, I'll see thee

Tim. If there were nothing living but thyself,
Thou should'st not even then be welcome to me;
I had rather be a beggar's dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem.

Apem. Thou art a miserable fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse: no misery
That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone, thou issue of a mangy dog.
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, or I will cleave

Apem. Farewell, beast. (thy scull.

Tim. Be gone, toad. (mass

Apem. The Athenians report thou hast found a
Of treasure; they'll find thee out: the plague
Of company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! dog! viper! out of my sight. [Ex.
Choler will kill me if I see mankind! [Apem.
Come forth, *Evandra*? thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Can'st thou eat roots, and drink at that fresh spring?
Our feasting's come to this.

Evan. Whate'er I eat
Or drink with thee is feast enough to me;
Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content,
I shou'd be happy. [brook,

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring
And then repose a while. [Exeunt.

Enter Poet, Painter and Musician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place it cannot be far off,
Where he abides. [so full

Mus. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's
of gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! h' has found an infinite store of
He has sent a pattern of it to the senate; (gold,
You will see him a palm again in Athens,
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distress,
We tender all our services to him——

Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Mus.

Mus. If we shou'd not ——

Re-enter Timon and Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. You 's he,
I know by the description.

Mus. Let's hide ourselves and see how he will
take it. [A Symphony.]

Evand. Here's musick in the woods, whence
comes it?

Tim. From flattering rogues who have heard
that I

Have gold; but that their disappointment would
be greater,

In taking pains for nought, I'd send 'em back——

Poet. Hail, worthy *Timon*.

Mus. Our most noble master ——

Paint. My most excellent lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest men?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty,
And hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you service.

Mus. We are not of so base a mold; we should
Desert our noble patron!

Tim. Most honest men! oh, how shall I requite
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? (you?)

Poet. What'e'er we can we will, to do you service.

Tim. Good men! come you are honest, you have
heard

That I have gold enough! speak truth, y'are honest.

Poet. So it is said: but therefore came not we.

Mus. Not we, my lord.

Paint. We thought not of it. (fault.)

Tim. You are good men, but have one monstrous

Poet. I beseech your honour, what is it?

Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious knave.

Paint. Who is that, my lord?

Tim. Why one another, and each trusts himself.

Ye

Ye base knaves, tripartite! begone! make haste!
Or I will use you so like knaves. (He stones 'em.

Poet. Fly, fly,—— (All run out.

Tim. How sick am I of this false world? I'll now
Prepare my grave, to lie where the light foam
Of the outrageous sea may wash my corps.

Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of death;
My life and thine together must determine.

Tim. There is no rest without it; 'pr'ythee leave
My wretched fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is wealth enough.

Evan. I have no wealth but thee, let us lie down
to rest;

I am very faint and heavy—— (They lie down.

Enter *Melissa* and *Chloe*.

Mel. Let the chariot stay there.
It is most certain he has found a mass of money,
And he has sent word to the senate, he's richer than
ever.

Chlo. Sure, were he rich, he would appear again.

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my love I'll
charm

Him back to *Athens*, 'twas my deserting him has
Made him thus melancholy.

Chlo. If he be not, you'll promise love in vain.

Mel. If he be not, my promise shall be vain;

For I'll be sure to break it: thus you saw

When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,

I would not see him; I am always true

To interest and to myself. There lord *Timon* lies!

Tim. What wretch art thou, come to disturb me?

Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose

I am gotten from my father and my friends, (thee.

To call thee back to *Athens*, and her arms,

Who cannot live without thee.

Evan. It is *Melissa*! 'pr'ythee listen not

To her destructive *Syren's* voice.

H

Tim.

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Tim. Fear not.

Mel. Do'st thou not know thy dear *Melissa*?
To whom thou mad'st such vows!

Tim. O yes, I know that piece of vanity,
That frail, proud, inconstant foolish thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She swore eternal love to me, soon after
She would not see me, shun'd me, slighted me.

Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'd'st me, *Timon*,
That was a trial which I made of thee,
To find if thou did'st love me; if thou had'st,
Thou would'st have born it: I lov'd thee then much
Than all the world—but thou art false I see, (more
And any little change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

Evan. Mind not that crocodile's tears,
She would betray thee.

Mel. Is there no truth among mankind? had I
So much ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen fortune, and ne'er seen thee more:
Ah *Timon*! could'st thou have been kind, I could
Rather have beg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the pomp of *Greece*;
But thou art lost, and hast forgotten all thy oaths.

Evan. Why shou'd you strive to invade another's
He's mine, for ever mine: these arms (right?
Shall keep him from thee. (him so?

Mel. Thine! poor mean fool! has marriage made
No,—thou art his concubine, dishonest thing;
I would enjoy him honestly.

Tim. Peace, screech-owl: there is much more
In this one woman than in all thy sex (honestly
Blended together; our hearts are one;
And she is mine for ever: wert thou the queen
Of all the universe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear lord! this 'sa better cordial
Than all the world can give.

Tim.

Tim. False! proud! affected! vain fantastick
Be gone, I would not see thee, unless I were (thing;
A basilisk: thou boast'st that thou art honest of thy
body,

As if the body made one honest: thou hast a vile
Corrupted filthy mind ———

Mel. I am no whore as she is. (thy soul:

Tim. Thou ly'st, she's none: but thou art one in
Be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a thing un-
And beat thee hence. (manly,

Mel. Farewell, beast—— [Ex. *Mel. and Chlo.*

Evan. Let me kiss thy hand, my dearest lord,
If it were possible, more dear than ever.

Tim. Let's now go seek some rest within my cave,
If any we can have without the grave. (Exeunt.



ACT V.

Enter Timon and Evandra.

Tim. **N**OW after all the follies of this life,
Timon has made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Where every day the swelling surge shall wash him;
There he shall rest from all the villainies,
Betraying smiles, or th' oppressing frowns
Of proud and impotent man.

Evan. Speak not of death, I cannot lose thee yet,
Throw off this dire consuming melancholy.
Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'd'st not have
Another wish but me. There is no state on earth
Which I can envy while I've thee within
These arms—take comfort to thee, think not yet
Of death—leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'st thou in death we shall not think,
H 2 And

And know, and love, better than we can here?
 Oh yes, *Evandra*! there our happiness
 Will be without a wish — I feel my long sickness
 Of health and living now begin to mend,
 And nothing will bring me all things: thou, *Evandra*,
 Art the thing alone on earth would make me wish
 To play my part upon the troublesome stage,
 Where folly, madness, falsehood, and cruelty,
 Are the only actions represented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully,
 Without one erring thought, the Gods can witness;
 And as my life was true, my death shall be;
 If I one minute after thee survive,
 The scorn and infamy of all my sex
 Light on me, and may I live to be
Melissa's slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra*!
 Thy kindness covers me with shame and grief,
 I have deserv'd so little from thee;
 Wer't not for thee I'd wish the world on fire.

Enter *Nicias*, *Phæax*, *Isidore*, *Isander*, *Cleon*,
Thrafillus, and *Ælius*.

More plagues yet!

Nic. How does the worthy *Timon*?
 It grieves our hearts to see thy low condition,
 And we are come to mend it. [out thee;

Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live with-
 Cast from thee this sad grief, most noble *Timon*,
 The senators of *Athens* greet thee with
 Their love, and do with one consenting voice
 Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em, and would send 'em back the
 Could I but catch it for 'em. (plague,

Ælius. The gods forbid! they love thee most
 sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear
 me.

Nic.

Nic. Forget, most noble *Timon*; they are sorry
They shou'd deny thee thy request; they do
Confess their fault; the publick body,
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us——

Tim. A very scurvy sample of that body!

Phæx. Oh my good lord! we have ever lov'd you
Of all mankind. (best

Thras. And equal with ourselves.

Isid. Our hearts and souls were ever fixt upon thee.

Isan. We would stake our lives for you.

Phæ. We are all griev'd to think you should
So misinterpret our best loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good men, you much surprise me, even to
Lend me a fool's heart and Womens eyes, [tears;
And I'll beweepe these comforts, worthy lords.

Nic. We beg your honour will interpret fairly.

Phæ. The senate has reserv'd some special dignities,
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their captain,
Allow'd with absolute command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his force; and like a savage bear
Roots up his country's peace; we humbly beg
Thy just assistance.

Phæ. We all know thou'rt worthy,
And hast oblig'd thy country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble lord.

Tim. I tell you lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: but if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving up purest virgins to the stain
Of beastly mad-brain'd war: then let him know,

In pity of the aged and the young,
 I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not, [not,
 And let him take't at worst; for their swords care
 While you have throats to answer: for myself,
 There's not a knife in all the unruly camp,
 But I do love and value more than the
 Most reverent throat in *Athens*, tell 'em so!
 Be *Alcibiades* your plague, ungrateful villains.

Phæ. Oh my good lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nic. He'll ne'er return; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

Phæ. You have gold my lord, will you not serve
 Your country with some of it?

Tim. Oh my dear country! I do recant,
 Commend me kindly to the senate, tell 'em
 If they will come all in one body to me,
 And follow my advice, they shall be welcome.

Nic. I am sure they will, my noble lord.

Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their griefs;
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their covetous pangs, with other incident throes
 That nature's fragil vessels must sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage.

Phæ. How my good lord! this kind care is noble.

Tim. Why even thus——

I will point out the most convenient trees
 In all this wood, to hang themselves upon.
 And so farewell, ye covetous fawning slaves be gone!
 Let me not see the face of man more, I
 Had rather see a tiger fasting——

Nic. He's lost to all our purposes.

Phæ. Let's send a party out of *Athens* to him,
 To force him to confess his treasure;
 And put him to the torture, if he will not.

Nic. It will do well, let's away.

[Drums.

Ælius. What drums are those?

Phæ.

Pha. They must belong to *Alcibiades*!

To horse and fly, or we shall chance be taken. [*Ex-*

Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my cave, or thou [*unt.*
May'st suffer by the rage of lustful villains.

Enter Alcibiades with Phryne and Thais, two whores.

Alcib. Command a halt, and send a messenger
To summon *Athens* from me!

What art thou there? speak.

[*thee*

Tim. A two leg'd beast, as thou art, cankers gnaw
For shewing me the face of man again.

Alcib. Is man so hateful to thee! what art thou?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*! I hate mankind:

And for thy part, I wish thou wer't a dog,
That I might love thee something.

But now I think on't, thou art going
Against you cursed town: go on! it is
A worthy cause.

Alcib. Oh *Timon*! now I know thee, I am sorry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occasion to redress 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e'er shall conquer; no, go on,
Paint with man's blood the earth: dye it well.
Religious cannons, civil laws are cruel,
What then must war be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

Tim. As the moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the moon,
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What friendship shall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promise me friendship and perform
If thou wilt not promise, thou art no man: (none;
If thou do'st perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to see thy misery.

Tim. Thou saw'st it when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of harlots.
What do'st thou fight with women by thy side?

Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of the day

With men, I refresh myself at night with women.

Tim. These false whores of thine have more de-
In 'em than thy sword. (struck)

Phry. Thou art a villain to say so——

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion?
A snarling rascal. [you;

Tim. Be whores still, they love you not that use
Employ all your salt hours to ruin youth,
Softens their manners into a lethargy
Of sense and action.

Phry. Hang the monster; we are not whores, we
Are mistresses to *Alcibiades*.

Tim. The right name is whore, do not miscall it;
Ye have been so to many.

Thais. Out on you, dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him;

His wits are lost in his calamities;

I have but little gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

— *Alcib.* Wilt thou go 'gainst *Athens* with me?

Tim. If ye were beasts, I'd go with ye:

But I'll not herd with men; yet I love thee
Better than all men, because thou wert born
To ruin thy base country.

Alcib. I've sent to summon *Athens*; if she obeys not,
I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious act; go on, go on!
Here's gold for thee; stay, I'll fetch thee more.

Alcib. What mystery is this! where shou'd he
have this?

Tim. Here's more gold and jewels! go on,
Be a devouring plague; let not
Thy sword skip one; spare thou no sex or age: Pity

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an usurer: strike the counterfeit matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy sword, nor milk-paps giving suck:
Spare not the babe, whose dimpled smiles
From fools exhaust their mercy; think 'twill be
A rogue or whore e'er long if thou should'st spare it.
Put armour on thy eyes and ears, whose proof,
Nor yells of mothers, maids, nor crying babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot. [some.

Phryn. Hast thou more gold, good *Timon*? give us

Thais. What pity 'tis he should be thus melancholy!
He is a fine person now. (you will

Tim. Oh flattering whores! but that I am sure
Do store of mischief, I'd not give you any:
Here! be sure you be whores still,
And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye,
Be strong in whore, allure and burn him up:
Thatch your thin skulls with burthens from the dead,
Some that were hang'd, no matter,
Wear them! betray with them, whore still;
Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your faces —
A pox on wrinkles, I say.

Thais. Well, more gold, say what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your consumptions in the bones of men;
Dry up their marrows, pain their shins
And shoulders: crack the lawyers voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead false title more.
Entice the lustful and dissembling priests,
That scold against the quality of flesh,
And not believe themselves; I am not well.
Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant whores.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And ditches be all your death-beds and your graves.

Phry. More counsel, and more money, bounteous

Timon.

Tim.

Pity

Tim. More, whore ! more mischief first ;
I've given you earnest.

Alcib. We but disturb him ! farewell ;
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne'er shall see thee more :
I feel death's happy stroke upon me now,
He has laid his icy hands upon me at length ;
He will not let me go again, farewell.

Confound *Athens*, and then thy self. [*Ex. Timon.*]

Alcib. Now march, sound trumpets and beat drums,
And let the terror of the Noise invade
The ingrateful, cowardly, usurious senate. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thrasillus, Isidore,
Isander, upon the works of Athens.*

Nic. What shall we do to appease his rage ?
He has an army able to devour us.

Phæ. We must e'en humbly bow our necks, that he
May tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a man of easy nature, soon won by
soothings.

Nic. I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence.

Isid. If we should resist, he'll level *Athens*.

Isan. And then woe to our selves,
Our wives and daughters.

Nic. What will become of you and me, *Phæax* ?
We have been enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

Phæ. Let us appear most forward in delivering up
the Town to him.

Tim. If we resist, he'll use a conqueror's power,
And nothing then will 'scape the fury of
The headstrong soldiers ; we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These drums and trumpets
Strike terror in me ! heav'n help all.

Enter herald ; then Alcibiades and his army.

Alcib. What answer make they to my summons ?

Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white flag ! let us approach 'em.

Hoa !

Hoa! you on the works! give me and my army entrance,

Or I'll let loose the fury of my soldiers,
And make ye all a prey to spoil and rapine;
And such a flame I'll light about your ears,
Shall make Greece tremble.

Nic. My noble lord! we mean nothing less.

Phæ. Only we beg your honour will forgive us.

Nic. W' have been ungrateful, and are much
asham'd on't; [good;

Your lordship shall tread upon our necks if you think
We cannot but condemn ourselves;
But we appeal to your known mercy and
Your generosity.

Phæ. March, noble lord, into our city
With all the banners spread; we are thy slaves.

Ælius. Your footstools.

Isid. Whatever you will make us.

Thras. Enter our city, noble Alcibiades; but leave
Your rage behind you.

I/an. Set but your foot against our gates, and they
Shall open — so you will enter like a friend.

Alcib. Open the gates without capitulations,
For if I set my battering-rams to work,
Ye must expect no mercy.

Nic. We will, my good lord!

[they all come down, Nic. presents Alcibiades
the keys upon his knees.

Our lives and fortunes now are in thy hands,
But we fly to thy mercy for protection.

Alcib. Ye merit as much mercy as ye shew'd
To Thrasibulus; such monstrous ingratitude
Will make your villainous names grow odious
To all the race of men, but to your selves,
To whom virtue is so.

Phæ. 'Twas the whole senate's voice.

Alcib.

Alcib. A senate, a den of thieves ! I little thought
When I wrested the pow'r from the rabble
To give it you, you would be worse than they;
But most of you deserve the ostracism : (bet.
Some of you are such rogues you'd shame the gib-

Nic. Good, my lord ! tread on our necks, but
pardon us.

Phæ. We'll be your slaves if you'll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibulus* when he's dead?
Must we be us'd thus after our frequent hazards,
and our

Toils, hard weary marching, watching, fasting !
Such dreadful hardships ! lying out such nights
A beast could not abide without a covert ;
And all for purisy lazy knaves, that snort
In peace at home, and wallow in their bags ?
Must we, the bulwarks of our country, be
Thus us'd ?

Phæ. Cease to reproach us, my good lord.

Ælius. We are full of shame and guilt.

Chon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades*.

Thras. We heartily repent.

Isid. We'll kiss thy feet, good lord.

Han. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me
In the *Anux*, where I'll order the *Pritanes*
To assemble all the people ——
And on your knees present your selves
With halters 'bout your necks.

Phæ. Oh, my good lord !

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the gods if you
Fail in this point, I'll hang ye all,
Raze your houses, and extirpate all
Your race —— march on.

Give order that not a man shall break his ranks,
Or shall offend the regular course of justice,
On penalty of death —— march on —— [Ex. Om.

Enter

Enter Timon and Evandra, coming out of the cave.

Evan. O my dear lord ! why do you stoop and bend,

Like flowers o'ercharg'd with dew, whose yielding
Cannot support 'em ? I have a cordial, which [stalks
Will much revive thy spirits.

Tim. No, sweet *Evandra*,
I have taken the best cordial, death, which now,
Kindly begins to work about my vitals ;
I feel him, he comforts me at heart.

Evan. Oh my dear *Timon* ! must we t' en part ?
That I should live to see this fatal day !
Had death but seiz'd me first, I had ' been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra*, lead me to my grave,
Least death o'ertake me — he pursues me hard :
He's close upon me : 'tis the last office thou
Can'st do for *Timon*.

Evan. Hard, stubborn heart,
Wilt thou not break yet ? death, why art thou coy
To me that court thee ?

Tim. Lay me gently down
In my last tenement. Death's the truest friend,
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So, now my weary pilgrimage on earth
Is almost finish'd : Now, my best *Evandra*,
I charge thee by our loves, our mutual loves,
Live ! and live happy after me ; and if
A thought of *Timon* comes into thy mind,
And brings a tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it quickly — strive to forget me.

Evan. Oh *Timon* ! think'st thou I am such a coward
I will not keep my word ? death shall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Resign my life in peace, I will be with thee
After my death ; my soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, and guard thee from
All harm.

Evan. Life is the greatest harm when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'st thou forgive thy *Timon*, who involv'd Thee in his sad calamities?

Evan. It is a blessing to share any thing With thee: oh! thou look'st pale, thy countenance Oh! whither art thou going? [changes;

Tim. To my last home. I charge thee live, *Evan*. Thou lov'st me not, if thou wilt not obey me; [dies; Thou only, dearest, kind, constant thing on earth! Farewell. [Dies.

Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the world I must make haste, or I shall not o'ertake [were so! Him in his flight. *Timon*, I come, stay for me; Farewell, base world. [Stabs herself. Dies.

Enter Alcibiades, Phrinias, and Thais, his officers and soldiers, and his train, the senators. The people by degrees assembling.

Enter Melissa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! welcome! doubly welcome! The joys of love and conquest ever bless thee, Wonder and terror of mankind, and joy Of womankind: Now thy *Melissa*'s happy; She has liv'd to see the utmost day she wish'd for, Her *Alcibiades* return with conquest O'er this ungrateful city; and but that I every day heard thou wert marching hither, I had been with thee long e'er this.

Alcib. What gay, vain, prating thing is this?

Mel. How, my lord! do you question who *Melissa* is, And give her such foul titles? [Melissa is,

Alcib. I know *Melissa*, and therefore give her such Titles; for when the senate banish'd me, She would not see me, tho' upon her knees Before she had sworn eternal love to me; I see thy snares too plain to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'er refus'd to see you, heav'n can witness! Whoever

Whoever told you so betray'd me basely.
Not see you ! sure there's not a fight on earth
I'd chuse before you ; you make me astonish'd !

Alcib. All this you swore to *Timon*, and next day
Despis'd him ——— I have been inform'd
Of all your falshood, and I hate thee for't ;
I have whores, good honest faithful whores !
Good antidotes against thy poison — love,
Thy base, false love ; and tell me, is not one
Kind, faithful, loving whore, better than
A thousand base, ill-natur'd honest women ?

Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep ;
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee ;
I have a corporal that has serv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this scorn — farewell,
I'll never see you more. [Exit.

Alcib. I hope you will not.

[Enter soldiers with drawn swords, hauling in
Apemantus.

How now ! what means this violence ?

Sold. My lord ! this snarling villainous philoso-
pher with open mouth rail'd at the army ; he said
the general was a villain : Shall we cut his throat ?

Alcib. No ! touch him not ! unhand him !

Why, *Apemantus*, did'st thou call me villain ?

Apem. I always speak my thoughts ; not all
The swords o'th' army bent against my throat
Can fright me from the truth ———

Alcib. Why do'st thou think I am one ?

Apem. 'Tis true, that this base town deserves thy
And all the terror and the punishment [scourge,
Thou can'st inflict upon it: The deed is good,
But yet thou do'st it ill ; private revenge,
Base passion, headstrong lust, incite thee to it:

Had they not banish'd thee, thou would'st have suf-
 Wrong still to prosper, and th'insulting tyrants [fer'd
 To thrive, swell, and grow fat in their oppression,
 And would'st have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a philosopher.

Apem. Nay, frown not, lord; I fear thee not, nor
 love thee;

All thy good parts thou drown'st in vice and riot,
 In passion and vain-glory; how proud art thou
 Of all thy conquests — when a poor rabble
 Of idle rogues, who else had been in jails, [mour
 Perform'd 'em for thee; how false is soldier's ho-
 With drums and trumpets, and in the face of day
 With daring impudence men go to murder mankind.
 But in the greatest actions of their lives,
 The getting men, they sneak and hide themselves
 I'th' dark; I scorn your folly and your madness.

Alcib. Thou art a snarling cur.

1 Sold. Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honour'd *Socrates* favour'd thee,
 And for his sake I spare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* lose his pains in
 thee? [honest.

Had'st thou observ'd his principles, thou'd'st been
Enter Nicias, Thrasillus, Phæax, Isidore, Isander,
Elius, and Cleon, with halters about their necks.

Nicias. We come, my noble lord, at thy command,
 And thus we humbly kneel before thy mercy.

Phæax. Spare our lives, and we'll employ 'em in
 Thy service, worthy *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do you acknowledge you're ungrateful

All. We do. [knaves?

Alcib. And that you have us'd me basely.

All. We have, but are very sorry.

Alcib. I should do well to hang you for the death
 Of

Of my brave officer ; but thousand such base lives
As yours would not weigh with his ! go, ye have
Your liberty. And now the people are assembled,
I will declare my intentions towards them.

[He ascends the pulpit.

My fellow citizens ! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjust sentence past upon me,
In the return of which I have subdu'd
Your enemies, and all revolted places,
Made you victorious both at land and sea,
And with continual toil and numberless dangers
Stretcht out the bounds of your dominions far
Above your hopes or expectations.
I'll not recount the many enterprizes
No Grecian can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains
I farther should declare my self ; I come
First to free you good citizens of Athens
From the most insupportable yokes
Of your four hundred tyrants ; and then next
To claim my own estate, which has unjustly
By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
I do confess, I in revenge of your decree
Against me, set up them, but never thought
They would have been such cursed tyrants to you,
'Till now ; they have gone on, and fill'd the time
With most licentious acts, making their wills,
Their base corrupted wills, the scope of justice,
While you in vain groan'd under all your sufferings.
Thus when a few shall lord it o'er the rest,
They govern for themselves, and not the people.
They rob and pill from them, from thence t'increase
Their private stores ; but when the government
Is in the body of the people, they
Will do themselves no harm ; therefore henceforth
I do pronounce the government shall devolve
Upon the people, and may heav'n prosper 'em.

[People

[*People shout, and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Long live Alcibiades! Liberty! Liberty! &c.*

[*Alcib. descends.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My noble lord! I went as you commanded,
And found lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
Stab'd, and just by him lying in his tomb,
On which was this inscription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

*Here lies a wretched corpse, of wretched soul bereft,
Timon my name, a plague consume you caitiffs left.*

Poor *Timon*! I once knew thee the most flourishing
man

Of all th' *Athenians*, and thou still had'st been so,
Had not these smiling, flattering knaves devour'd
And murder'd thee with base ingratitude. [thee,
His death pull'd on the poor *Evandra's* too,
That miracle of constancy in love.

Now all repair to their respective homes,
Their several trades, their business and diversions;
And whilst I guard you from your active foes,
And fight your battles, be you secure at home.

*May Athens flourish with a lasting peace,
And may its wealth and power e'er increase.*

[*All the people shout, and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Liberty! Liberty! &c.*

EPILOGUE.

IF there were hopes that ancient, solid wit
Might please within our new fantastick Pit,
This play might then support the critick's shock,
This scien grafted upon Shakespear's stock;
For, join'd with his, our poet's part might thrive,
Kept by the virtue of his sap alive:
Tho' now no more substantial English plays
Than good old hospitality you praise;
The time shall come when true old sense shall rise
In judgment over all your vanities.
Slight kick shaw wit o' th' stage, French meat at feasts,
Now daily tantalize the hungry guests;
While the old English chine us'd to remain,
And many hungry onsets would sustain:
At these thin feasts each morsel's swallow'd down,
And ev'ry thing but the guests stomach's gone:
At these new fashion'd feasts you've but a taste,
With meat or wit you scarce can break a fast:
This jantee slightrness to the French we owe,
And that makes all slight wits admire 'em so:
They're of one level, and with little pains
The frothy poet good reception gains;
But to hear English wit there's use of brains.
Tho' sparks to imitate the French think fit,
In want of learning, affectation, wit,
And, which is most, in clothes; we'll ne'er submit.
Their ships or plays o'er ours shall ne'er advance,
For our third rates shall match the first of France.
With English judges this may bear the test,
Who will for Shakespear's part forgive the rest.
The sparks judge but as they hear others say;
They cannot think enough to mixd a play:

They

EPILOGUE

They to catch ladies (which they dress as) come
 Of course they cannot read or think at home;
 Each here does yet a wondrous looks impart
 To each crevas and periwigs of heart;
 Yet they themselves know not what they are
 And but for vanity would have on kind
 No passion;
 But for their own dear persons, them can move;
 To admire themselves too much or be in love.
 Nor will nor beauty their hard hearts can strike
 Who only their own sense or persons like
 But to the men of wit our poet flies,
 To save him from wits mortal enemies:
 Since for his friends he has the best of those,
 Guarded by them, he fears not little foes.
 And with each mistress we must favour find,
 They for Evandra's sake will sure be kind;
 At least all those to constant love inclin'd.

M^r Martin

